

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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OTRANTO	20,000	July 19	July 25	July 27	ORONSAY	20,000	Sept. 27	Oct. 3	Oct. 5
ORMONDE	15,000	Aug. 16	Aug. 22	Aug. 24	ORAMA	20,000	Oct. 11	Oct. 17	Oct. 19
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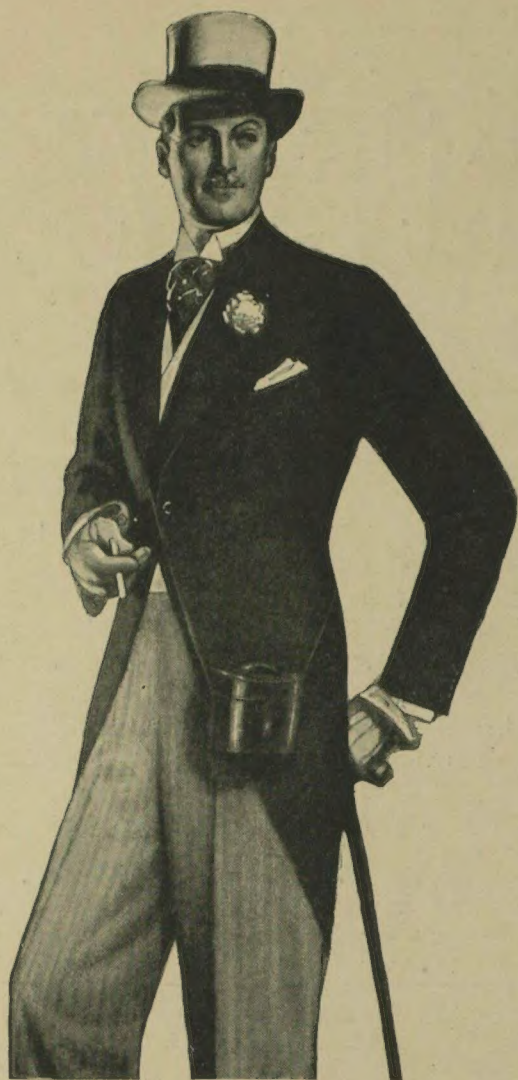
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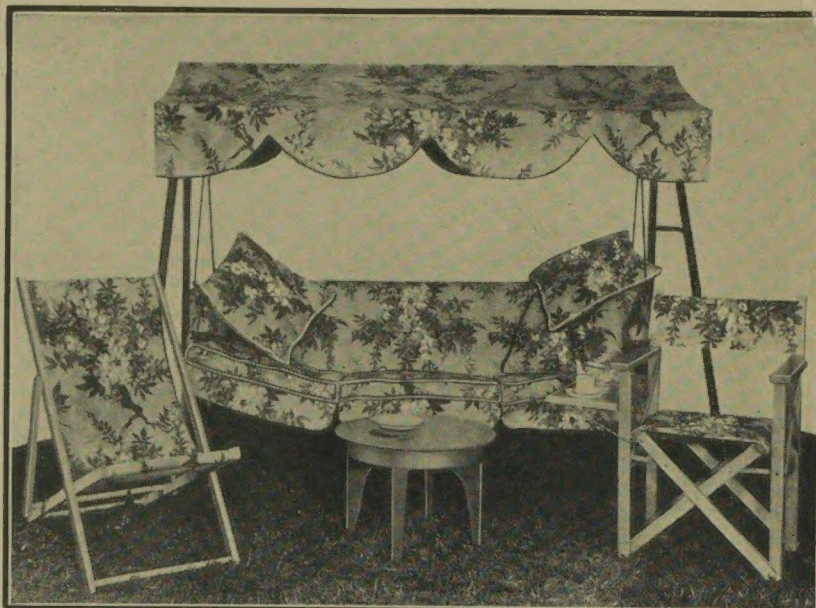
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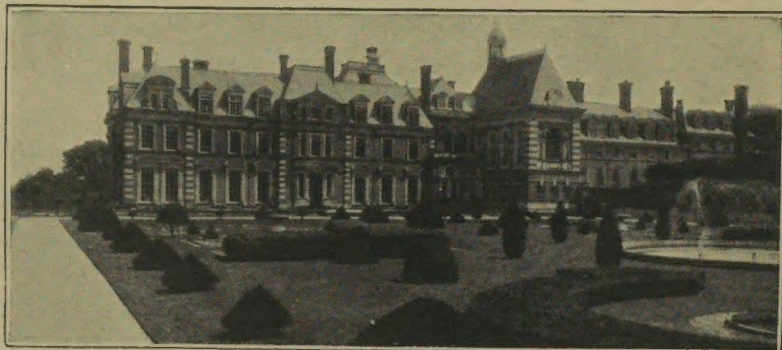
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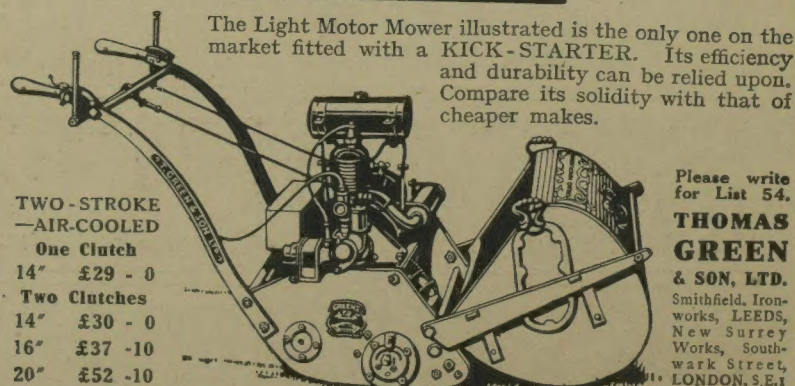
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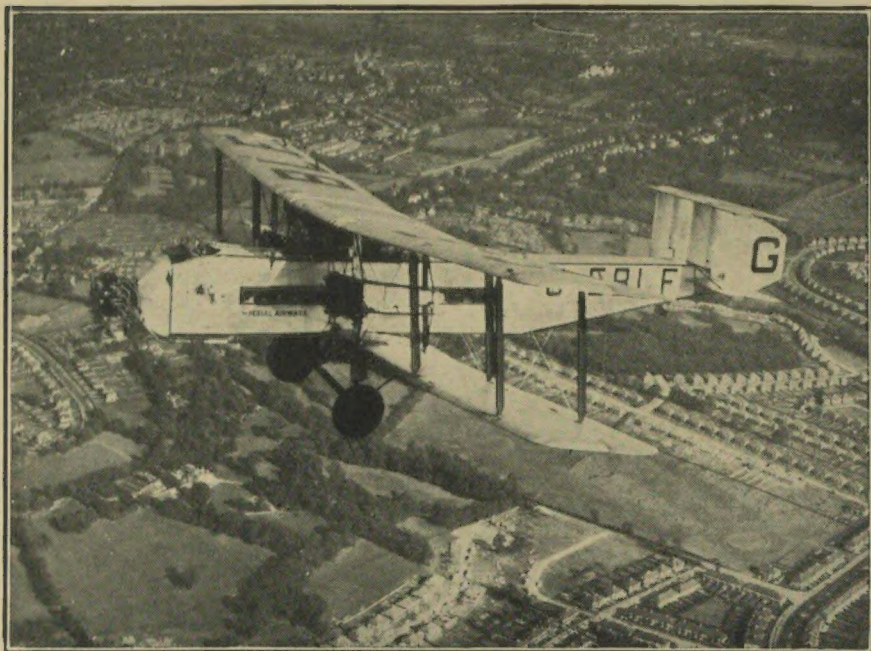
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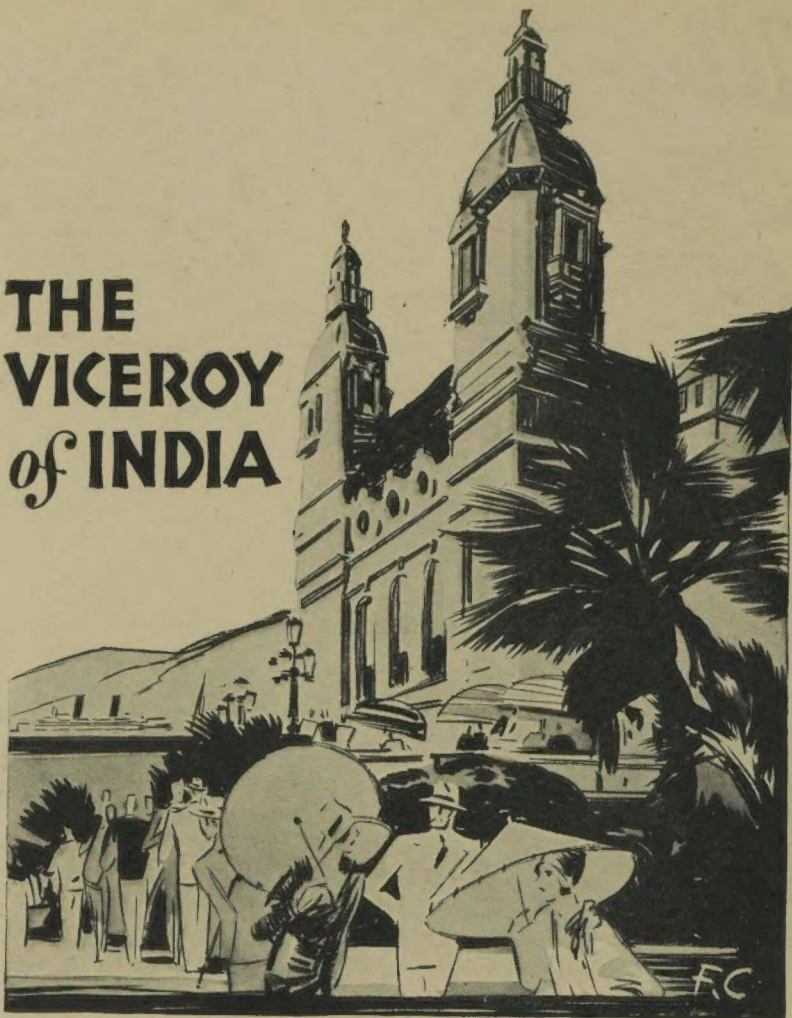
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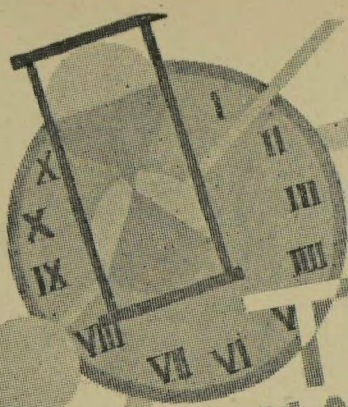
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9	0	×	9	0	-	6	19	6
12	0	×	7	6	-	7	17	6
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12	0	×	9	0	-	9	5	0
13	6	×	9	0	-	10	10	0
15	0	×	9	0	-	11	12	6
12	0	×	10	6	-	10	17	6
13	6	×	10	6	-	12	5	0
12	0	×	12	0	-	12	10	0
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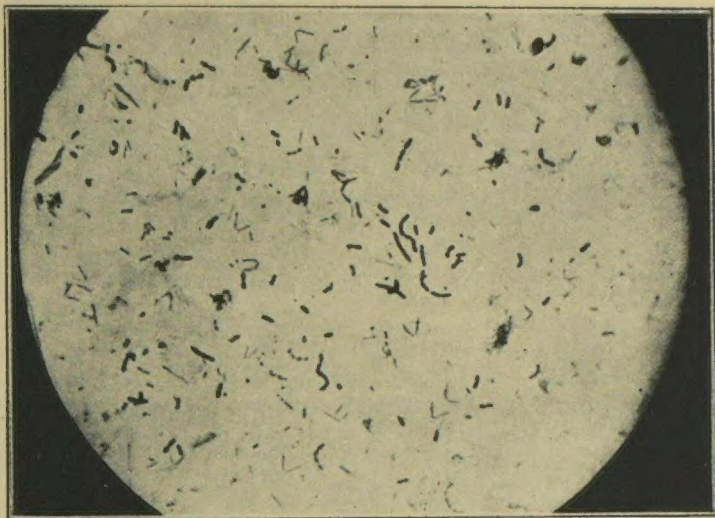
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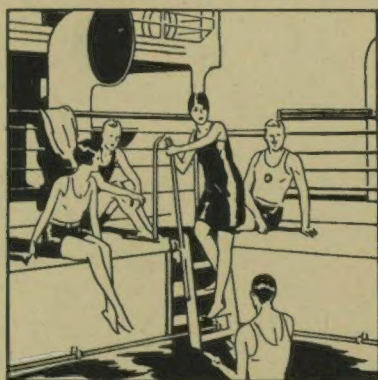
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**A CURIOUSLY "MODERN" HAT, WITH HORNED BRIM, REPRESENTED IN SUMERIAN SCULPTURE 3000 YEARS OLD:
A FIGURE OF A GOD IN BURNT-BRICK RELIEF FOUND AT URUK (THE BIBLICAL ERECH), IN IRAQ.**

Here and on a double-page in this number we illustrate some very interesting and important discoveries recently made in Iraq by a German archaeological expedition under Dr. Julius Jordan, to whom we are indebted for the photographs and the descriptive article which accompanies those on pages 1018 and 1019. The scene of the excavations is at Warka, on the site of Uruk (the Erech of the Bible), the largest and oldest Sumerian

city. The above illustration shows the five upper layers of a figure in burnt-brick relief, formed in sections, from a sanctuary of the goddess Innin, built in the fifteenth century B.C., by Karaindash, King of the Kassites, a race that dominated Sumer and Akkad for some 600 years. The figure is described as representing a male deity. It is reproduced here on a large scale in order to show the characteristic Kassite style.

WHERE NIMROD RULED: ART TREASURES, 3000 YEARS OLD, FROM THE SITE OF ERECH.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE BY DR. JULIUS JORDAN, DIRECTOR OF THE

GERMAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION AT WARKA (URUK), IN SOUTHERN IRAQ.



WEARING A "HORNED" HAT AND CARRYING A JAR FROM WHICH WATER FLOWS DOWN IN WAVY LINES: A FIGURE OF A FEMALE DEITY, RECONSTRUCTED FROM SEGMENTS.



SINGULARLY "MODERN" IN PHYSICAL TYPE AND GENERAL FEELING: A CHARMING NEO-BABYLONIAN CLAY FIGURINE OF A MOTHER AND CHILD—TWO ASPECTS OF THE SAME STATUETTE.



THE FACE OF A MALE DEITY: ONE OF NUMEROUS FRAGMENTS OF RELIEFS IN BURNT-BRICK REPRESENTING SUMERIAN GODS AND GODDESSES.

"THE German archaeological excavations at Warka, in Southern Iraq," writes Dr. Julius Jordan, "which had been begun in 1912, and had to be discontinued during the winter of 1928-29, have since been resumed, funds being provided by the Forschungsgesellschaft der Deutschen Wissenschaft. Warka shelters the remains of the largest and oldest Sumerian city, Uruk. Here ruled the hero and mythical King Gilgamesh. Of his life, his friendship with the primitive man, Enkidu, and his struggle for immortality, the epics of Gilgamesh, certainly the profoundest and most significant poem preserved from earliest antiquity, gives us a picture. Uruk belonged to the cities tributary to Nimrod, and is called Erech in the Bible. The Greeks named it Orcho. The preliminary account of the first season's results last winter has just been published in the 'Abhandlungen der Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften' in Berlin. It reports on what has come to light through the beginning of the excavation of Eanna, the Temple of Ishtar. This most important of Uruk's sanctuaries dates back to the oldest Sumerian epoch; it lasted throughout the millennia to the time of the Persian kings, and was known all over the country as a celebrated place of worship for the goddesses Inan-Ishtar and Nana. Like a fortress it towered in the middle of the city over the dwelling-houses, its *sigawat* being then, as now, the highest and most remarkable building. The *sigawat* occupies the south-western part of the temple area, whose enclosure-rooms from the time of the Assyrian dominion over Babylonia have been mostly excavated. The finest result of last season's work was the discovery of a small Inan sanctuary in the north-east of the temple district. It had been built in the fifteenth century B.C. by Karaindash, a king of the Kassites, a race that dominated Sumer and Akkad, in the second millennium B.C., for about 600 years. It was found possible to reconstruct not only the arrangement of the rooms, but also the formation of the façades of this temple, as well as numerous fragments of burnt-brick relief-figures. (Continued on Box 3.)



ORIENTATED LIKE THE ZIGGURAT AT UR, AND HAVING, AT ONE SIDE, A SIMILAR TRIPLE STAIRWAY TO THE TOP: THE ZIGGURAT OF THE EANNA TEMPLE AT URUK, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EXCAVATIONS.



DATING FROM ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C.: A FINELY WROUGHT STONE FIGURE OF A COUCHANT BULL, FOUND DURING EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF URUK.

nearly life-size, of male and female deities, which had been fixed to the external walls in vertical grooves. Some figures wearing a cap with a 'horned' brim carry in their hands a water-vessel, out of which streams of water flowed to the left and the right, being continued on the walls and flowing down in winding lines. This peculiar and elegant wall-adornment has no parallel in Mesopotamian architecture. Only three centuries later it reappears in the Elamite city of Susa. But the description of the temple of Inshushinak, which it is said to have adorned, has not yet been published definitively. In Egypt we know a similar façade: that of the smaller temple of Ramesses II. at Abu Simbel, dating from the thirteenth century B.C., with male and female figures on both sides of an entrance-door, of much larger dimensions and of quite different proportions. Many other objects have also been found within the precincts of the Eanna temple, such as animal figures of stone, among them a beautiful couchant bull, a boundary-stone of the last Kassite period, a stele in limestone relief, the head from a stone statue of a priest, numerous clay figurines recalling the relief figures of the Inan temple, thousands of (Continued on Box 4.)



EXCAVATIONS IN THE ARCHAIC STRATA NEAR THE ZIGGURAT OF THE EANNA TEMPLE AT URUK: A TYPICAL SCENE DURING THE WORK OF THE GERMAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION.



A RELIC OF ANCIENT SUMERIAN COSTUME: A KASSITE CLAY FIGURINE (ONE OF MANY FOUND AT URUK) WEARING A PLOUNCED SKIRT AND A TASSELLED HEAD-DRESS.



THE HEAD OF A TERRA-COTTA STATUE OF A KASSITE GODDESS: A RELIC OF THE KASSITE DOMINATION OF SUMER AND AKKAD IN THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C.

pieces of broken inscribed tablets, and bricks with inscriptions representing the whole history of Eanna. The excavations were continued last winter with good success, and have led to a knowledge of the deeper and older temple strata. This work has resulted in establishing very important relations with the old settlements of the neighbouring city of Ur, the exploring of which is the task of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. It has been proved that before the dynastic period in Sumer—that is, earlier than 3000 B.C.—the country was colonized by a people highly talented in art. The results of the English-American and German work in these researches supplement each other in a very satisfactory manner." The work at Ur here mentioned is, of course, that directed by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, and frequently illustrated in our pages.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME think that there will now be a return to Party Politics, in the very old and familiar form of a fight between Free Trade and Protection—or rather (I hasten to add) a fight between Free Trade and Empire Free Trade. If there is such a fight, I, for one, shall be out of it, for I do not believe that the key to reform is in the idea of Free Trade or in the idea of Empire. I am in a condition of comparative detachment and impartiality touching the controversy itself, so I hope I may be allowed to make a suggestion about the controversial methods. To speak plainly, I hope that the controversy will be a controversy, for it is a long time since there has been any controversy at all.

I suppose it is vain to hope that claptrap can be kept out of the controversy. But it is allowable to hope that the whole controversy will not consist of claptrap. A certain amount of playing to the gallery is, I suppose, unavoidable when these two aged knockabout comedians take the stage, with their Big Loaves and their Little Loaves, and their comic songs with choruses of "Tax the Foreigner" and "Don't Tax the People's Food." But let us hope they will not conduct the whole economic debate by means of back-chat, or the sudden utterance of those piercing howls which are called Slogans. Let us remember, as our fathers did, that there is such a thing as Argument, and it is not the same thing as Advertisement. Let us recall that there was an art of public oratory that was not the art of publicity. A man like Sir Robert Peel, for instance, actually argued on both sides of this question. He argued on both sides of a good many questions. But he argued: he did not merely tell people to "rally" to this or "roll up" for that. He did not think that a head-line was a substitute for a definition, or that an incomplete sentence was as good as a complete system. If we cannot have fundamental debates on primary questions, we can at least have rational debates on practical questions. And the two politicians, if not like Pitt arguing with Fox, can at least be like Peel arguing with Peel.

In the hope of proving my impartiality, I will proceed to make myself unpleasant to both sides, and point out the sort of claptrap in which each of the controversialists has indulged. For instance, it is claptrap for the Free Trader to talk about people on the Continent, in the protected countries, as if they all crawled about on their hands and knees and ate grass. In this respect the Cobdenite is more absurdly British than the British Imperialist. It is the Tory who would tax the Foreigner, but it is the Liberal who would trample on and despise the Foreigner. This is indeed being a Little Englander; but there is really no need for England to be as little as that. I am a Little Englander myself, in the sense of being a Nationalist rather than an Imperialist; but I never meant to imply that my nation ought to be little in mind. And nobody who is not little in mind can look at the actual people in Flanders or France or Italy, and believe that they are more miserable than our own. There are different customs in different countries, and different definitions of comfort; but if anybody should understand such differences, and

see through them, it should be a man calling himself a Liberal. It is curious, by the way, that the Liberal only thought it necessary to be illiberal at the expense of Europe. He was not so passionately eager to be illiberal at the expense of America. He did not so often insist that all American engineers and mechanics are walking skeletons or grubbing about in the gutter for old bones, though in America the protective tariffs are higher still. He was chiefly shocked at the horrors of the Continental Supper, as of the Continental Sunday. It is only the countries of Garibaldi and Danton and Kosciusko,

this: "You have never seen a Pyrenean peasant—so what a dreary, dirty, undistinguished person he must be!" And the meaning and motive in the second sort of statement is really this: "You never read Cobden's speeches—so what dusty, musty, miserable stuff they must be!" Now, as a fact, it would do such controversialists a great deal of good to read Cobden's speeches. I am very far from being a Cobdenite, in the matter of general political philosophy and outlook. But at least Cobden was a Cobdenite; and his opponent will have to be something very much more than a hasty and hazy anti-Cobdenite.

Exactly what Cobden did admirably was exactly what modern journalists never do at all. He stated a complete case; at least, he had the power of conveying the impression that it was a complete case. It needs something more than Slogans and Stunts to answer that case. And the startling and shocking fact that Cobden lived some time ago (which seems to be the chief charge against him), so far from making his creed a muddle or musty superstition, only means that he lived nearer to times of much greater lucidity and logic.

I do not need to agree with Cobden, any more than to agree with Calvin. But Calvin was a much better controversialist, in the capacity for stating a complete or apparently complete case, than is the Rev. Wilfred Wobble when he writes on "Why I am a True Christian" in the Sunday press. And Cobden was a much better controversialist, in presenting that complete or seemingly complete case, than is the Right Hon. C. Jumper, whether he waves the flag of Empire Free Trade or leaps to his feet in Parliament to defend the People's Food. Both Calvin and Cobden wrote for people who had the patience to follow a connected process of reasoning; and, though I do not think their conclusions were complete, they could make them look complete. But the newspaper headline does not even look complete. The Slogan does not even sound as if it were telling the truth. Anybody must see, at a glance, that it is not only a one-sided but a lop-sided statement. It is loose in method as well as lax in morals. Like a great deal that is now called hustle and push and pep, it is fundamentally lazy.

There is a case against Free Trade; but it can only be known to those who know the case for Free Trade; and I strongly suspect that most of the new controversialists do not know either. Nor, indeed, am I here concerned in any attempt to enlighten them about either. I am not wrestling to teach the Free

Trader Free Trade, or instruct the Protectionist in Protection. I am only pleading for an improvement in methods; I might say for an improvement in manners. I suggest that our political manners should be so far moderated and mellowed that it shall be possible for an economist to set forth his full argument with some faint hope of being followed and understood; and that he should be answered by other economic arguments, and not by cat-calls and catchwords put into large print. But, above all, let us not on either side rely on the incapacity of men to read anything that is fifty years old, or go and look at anything that is a hundred miles away; or on their too natural readiness to believe that Cobden was a fool or Corot a savage.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: HER MAJESTY WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH (A SPECTATOR FOR THE FIRST TIME), FOLLOWED BY PRINCE GEORGE, LEAVING OLYMPIA AFTER THE OPENING PERFORMANCE.

The King was unable to attend the opening of the Royal Tournament at Olympia, on May 29, owing to his attack of rheumatism, which, however, was stated later to be "clearing away satisfactorily." The Queen was present, with the Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, and Princess Elizabeth, who had not seen the Tournament before and sat beside her Majesty, taking a lively interest in the proceedings. At the beginning and end of each display, when the officer responsible saluted the royal party and the Queen bowed in acknowledgment, the little Princess returned the salute. Her Majesty's arrival was signalled by the breaking of the Queen's Standard over the arena, and the guards of honour were inspected by the Duke of Gloucester and Prince George before marching out.

and such heroes of Liberty, that are so much despised by the Liberal.

On the other side, it is claptrap of exactly the same sort to be always using the words "Cobden" and "Cobdenite" as terms of contempt. Indeed, the error is even the same error: the trick of trying to make a thing look foolish because it is not familiar. The first demagogue plays on the fact that the Continent is distant in point of place. The second demagogue plays on the fact that the Cobden epoch is distant in point of time. Both are not only appealing to ignorance, but actually basing their argument on the advantages of ignorance. The real meaning, the real motive, in the first sort of statement is roughly

THE ODD SIDE OF THINGS: SNAPSHOTS FROM VARIOUS QUARTERS.



**A NEW AND SPEEDY SHIP-TO-SHORE MAIL SERVICE:
A LETTER-CARRYING SEAPLANE LINKING LAND AND
LINER—AND SAVING THREE DAYS' TIME.**

The Condor Syndicate, the Deutsche Luft-Hansa, and the Hamburg South American Line have now an arrangement for the carriage of express mails by the two fastest steamers in the South Atlantic Service—the "Cap Arcona" and the "Cap Polonio." The European mail is being conveyed by air to the Canary Islands and picked up by these liners off Las Palmas on their outward journey. On their homeward journey, the same ships pick up the air-borne eastbound mail at Fernando Noronha, a little island near the Equator. It is hoped thus to speed up the mail between European and Latin-American countries by three days.



**THE GOD AT THE CROSS-ROADS: AN EFFIGY TO
PROTECT ALL USERS OF THE ROADS IN THE ISLAND
OF BALI, EAST OF JAVA.**

The preachers of Safety First—for road-users, not politicians—may not take this lesson from Bali to their hearts, but at least they must be interested. A stone and graven image, brilliantly and fearsomely painted, may be less human than the policeman, less able to cause the infliction of fines; yet may impress the local jay-walkers and the local road-hogs, if any, and teach them that it is wise to move warily. Possibly, also, the suggestion of a grave may help! The mission of the lesser gods is not defined by our correspondent: it may be that they, too, are beneficent watchers by the way; where one fails, another may succeed!



**A ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-POUNDER: TAKING A BIG
FISH TO THE MARKET IN CALCUTTA.**

Sending us this photograph, a reader notes: "A snapshot of a coolie carrying one of the numerous big fishes despatched to Calcutta from Diamond Harbour, a couple of hours' journey by train. The weight of the fish is 160 lb. or so. They find a ready sale in the Calcutta market, and there is a daily supply."



**A MENACE TO PEACE: A NATIVE MONUMENT TO
DEAD AND WOUNDED GARLANDED AND CANDLED IN
DISTURBED PESHAWAR.**

Our correspondent writes: "The monument was erected by the natives in memory of their dead and wounded. Now, during the night, the natives place candles on the corner-posts. There is an order to remove these immediately, but the people are never caught in the act. You will see that it is garlanded. It is remarkable what an effect such action has, especially upon Congress men."



**A PRISON FOR LIFE! THE LAST OF THE CAGES AT
TRENGGANU, MALAYA, NOW ABOLISHED.**

With this picture, we received the following: "The last of the Trengganu cages, in which prisoners were incarcerated for the smallest offences, and usually never let out for any purpose whatever, until they died. This particular cage is of a more humane type than most. The appalling conditions were well described by Sir Hugh Clifford in his "A Malayan Prison." This was in 1895. British influence in Trengganu began to be exercised in 1909, and one of its first results was the abolition of these inhuman cages."



**A SHOP OF TRAJAN'S MARKET USED AS A MODERN
FLOWER-SHOP: A TRANSFORMATION IN ROME.**

As we noted at the end of last year, when illustrating the subject, Trajan's Market had then been completely excavated. The total number of shops discovered is a hundred and fifty. Access to them was gained from the Forum below. It is one of these shops which is being used, as shown, as a modern flower-shop.



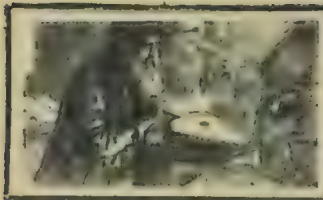
**A FENCE OF FIRE-ARMS AND BAYONETS—TROPHIES OF WAR: WEAPONS RAILING-IN
THE HOUSE OF THE GOVERNOR OF TABRIZ.**

The first of these photographs is self-explanatory, except that it should be said that the weapons were taken from the Kurds. Concerning the second, we are informed: "About seven years ago, Will Rogers laid out the Islemere Golf Course, New Montreal, and on the sixth fairway he left a piece of 'rough', which provided a trap for many golfers. This season he returned to Islemere



**STOLEN BY SQUIRRELS: A HOARD OF 120 GOLF BALLS FOUND CACHED IN THE HOLLOW
STUMP OF AN ISLEMERE TREE, NEW MONTREAL.**

just as the professionals were changing the length of the hole and improving the fairway. When the rough was cleared away, the workmen found an old tree-stump, and in a squirrel's nest in the hollow of this were 120 golf balls. Some had been there at least six years and, to say the least of it, had lost their pristine resilience!"



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A HELMET TO CRACK NUTS WITH.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

OUR conception of that mysterious property which we call Life is, of necessity, for most of us, derived from observation—and generally a very casual observation—of living bodies as we meet them in our walks abroad or on a visit to the "Zoo" or the Gardens at Kew. Even then we take note rather of Nature's notes of exclamation than of the text she has written for our perusal. Our interest is aroused when we are confronted with the peacock or the pelican, but we bestow on the sparrow or the song-thrush scarcely a glance.

This attitude is not confined to the "average person"; it is shared also even by those who profess to have a fondness for Natural History. But let it not be inferred that I would divide my fellow-men into two groups—(a) the highly intelligent, who take an interest in the contemplation and study of animated Nature; and (b) the dullards who do not! The Arts, Literature, Music, and the Drama all play their part in the "spiritual progress" of our race, and those who concentrate on these things do so because they have a differently constituted mental bias, and follow it they must. The foundations of the amenities of life, indeed, rest on their labours, which began with the men of the Stone Age; and their vitality grows with the years.

I am addressing myself, on this page, to those of my fellow-men who share with me my love of all that pertains to the study of the mysteries of life as we see it manifested in plants and animals. And if I judge only by the volume of letters which come to me from all parts of the world from readers of this page, the number of those who find delight in these mysteries is large. Their impressions and deductions, however, are, of necessity, for the most part, limited to inferences drawn from external features only. It is not so much that they have no interest in what is beneath the surface, as that they have few opportunities of getting below the surface.

We are not here confronted, as some might suppose, solely with "mere anatomical details," but with facts of



FIG. 1. THE HEAD OF A CASSOWARY (*CASUARIUS INTENSUS*).

The helmet, or casque, presents a wide range in the matter of its size and shape in the adult bird, but in all cases the structure is composed of the same parts. In the Cassowaries alone among the Ostrich-tribe the head and neck are featherless, and the bare skin is thrown into corrugations, blazing with the most vivid hues.

From Lord Rothschild's Monograph on the Cassowaries.

This shows us that this "casque" begins as an inflation of the upper surface of the median plate of bone known as the "ethmoid," which forms the septum of the nasal chamber. As this inflation gathers force it spreads, involving the nasal-bones on either side, so that they also begin to rise, as though fermented by some sort of yeast! Larger and larger grows the casque, extending backwards till it rests on the frontal bones covering the brain. Then a strange thing happens, the like of which I cannot match among the vertebrates—at the point of contact between the casque and the frontal bones the latter become

absorbed, and the hole thus formed is filled by the corresponding area of the casque, which thus comes to form a part of the roof of the brain-case (Fig. 2).

This ethmoid bone in the very young cassowary in no wise differs from that of the ostrich or the emu. Why does it develop such a singular growth later on? But the cassowary presents yet another remarkable feature. In all the ostrich tribe save the tinamous, the wings have so degenerated as to be quite useless for flight. No longer do they show broad flight-feathers, the primaries and secondaries, with orderly rows of coverts. Instead we have just "a feather covering." The cassowary, however, has not only retained, but it has transformed some half-dozen secondary or arm quills, and has enlarged them till they stand out on each side like great spikes with ragged ends. I heard someone at the "Zoo" the other day asking the Keeper what purpose these served. He was unable to throw any light on the matter, and neither can I. One seems justified in regarding them as of neither use nor ornament. This, however, is not the last word to be said of them. In the immature birds these quills are prolonged into a shaft, bearing a vane, recalling that of a typical feather. At this stage they agree closely with the degenerate quills of the apteryx; but here the quill remains hollow, and the vane is retained throughout life. In the cassowary the vane sloughs off, and the quill enlarges and becomes solid.

And now let me turn to casques of another kind. There is that, for example, which surmounts the great beak of the hornbill, though it is not present in all the species. It assumes many shapes, and gives to the wearer a decidedly grotesque appearance. In all save one case, to be mentioned presently, it is a purely "ornamental" feature, and consists of a thin shell of horn covering an excessively delicate filigree-work of bone, the spaces being air-filled. So far as is known, no use is made of this excrescence. But in that exception to the rule just referred to—the helmeted hornbill (*Rhinoplax vigil*) of the Malay countries—the fore-part of the horny casque, as will be seen in Fig. 3, is of great thickness and density, while the bony supporting-tissue assumes the form of heavy buttresses, disposed, as will be seen in the photograph, as if to resist heavy strains; suggesting that this dense, ivory-like mass of horn composing the front of the casque is used as a hammer—to crack nuts with. I do not know of any direct evidence, from observations on the living bird, to show that this is indeed so employed, but it is significant that the outer surface of the plate is always a little damaged; as one would expect it to be if used as a hammer.

This raises an interesting point. When—and why—did the ancestors of *Rhinoplax* begin to make use of this casque as a hammer? One may be fairly sure that the force of the blows in these early experiments could not have been very great. But we may suppose that, as time went on, they grew more and more addicted to this practice, and selected harder and harder kinds of nuts and fruit-stones to operate on. The buttress-work of bone behind this hammer is a feature of more than passing interest, since it reveals, in a very striking way, Nature's method of adjustment to resist persistent strains. What factors gave rise to the evolution of these casques we do not know. But they are formed in, widely different types of birds—the Struthious birds, the

game-birds, and the hornbills, for example. But in every case, save one, though air-filled, they are entirely closed to the outer world. That exception is furnished by the ground-hornbill, wherein it is open in front. One would have supposed that this would have been

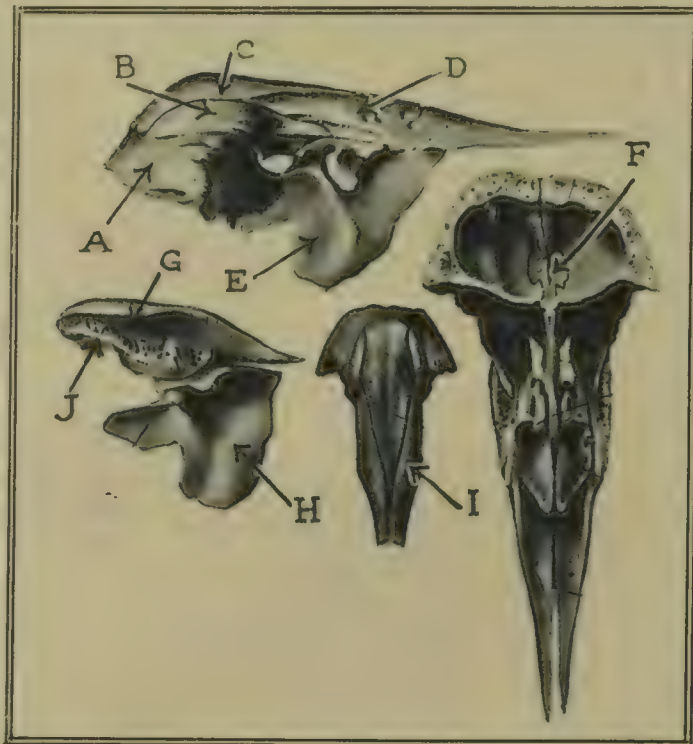


FIG. 2. PART OF THE SKULL OF A YOUNG CASSOWARY, SHOWING THE EARLY STAGES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CASQUE.

The main body of this is formed out of an outgrowth from the median partition of the nasal chamber, the mesethmoid, and is completed by the inflation of the nasal bones and inner edges of the frontal bones. The letters indicate—(A) frontal bone; (B) beginning to inflate; (C) mesethmoid plate on skull roof beginning to enlarge; (D) nasal bone starting to inflate; (E) mesethmoid; (F) mesethmoid plate within the brain cavity; (G) the excrescence of the mesethmoid; (H) the mesethmoid proper; (I) nasal bone; (J) the area which appears within the brain-case. The contact of the mesethmoid element of the casque having absorbed the frontal, this portion has been separated from the rest of the skull. Later all these separate bones fuse into one uniform mass, and the bony casque appears of uniform texture, there being no apparent separate elements in the adult.

a source of continual danger, since this cavity affords a lurking-place for foreign bodies and minute organisms of many kinds, thereby providing a plentiful source of trouble from disease. Yet no ill seems to come of it. These strange and often gaily-coloured excrescences are even superficially interesting; but

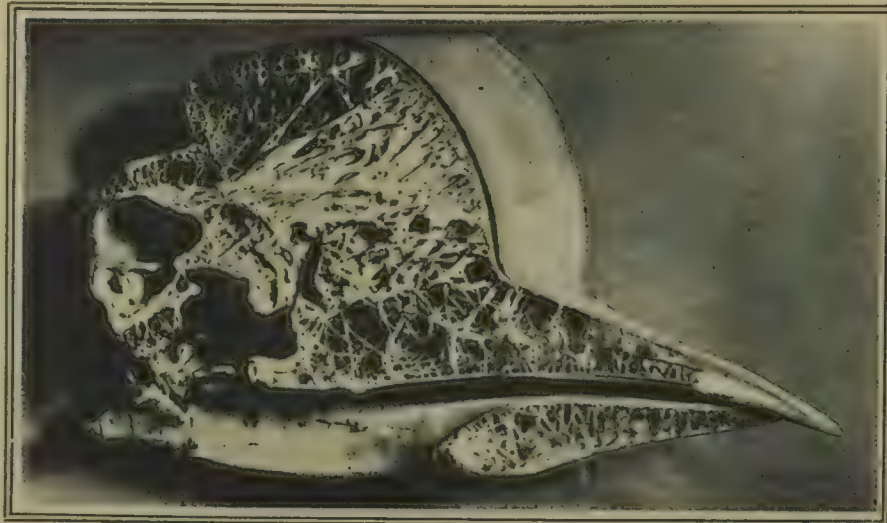


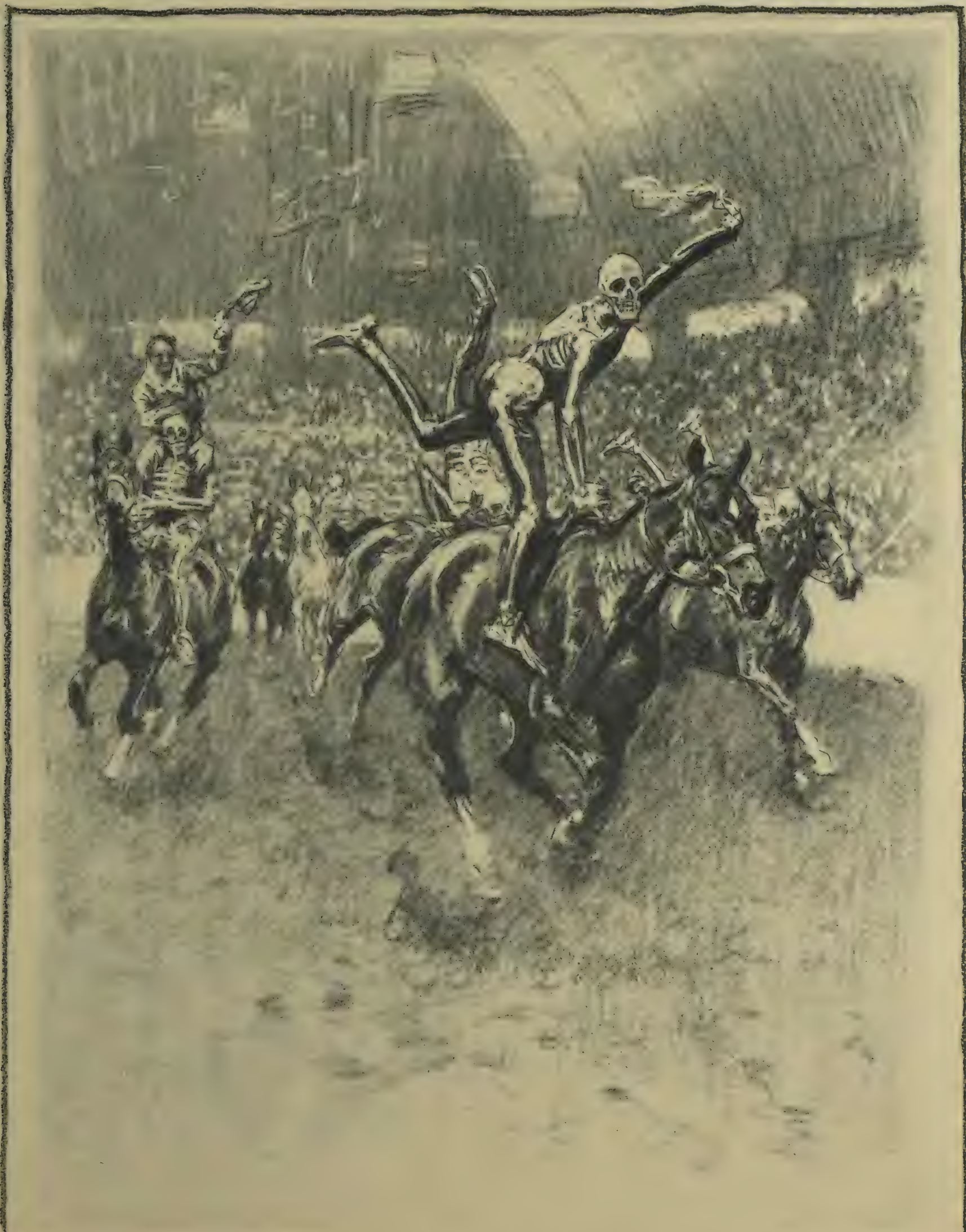
FIG. 3. A SECTION THROUGH THE SKULL OF THE HELMET-HORNBILL.

The front part of the sheath of the casque has become thickened to form a "hammer-head" of ivory-like hardness. The bony filigree-work has become thickened to form "struts" to resist the shock of repeated blows.

they become vastly more so directly they come to be critically examined, especially in regard to their internal structure.

"DEATH OR GLORY BOYS" IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: TRICK-RIDING.

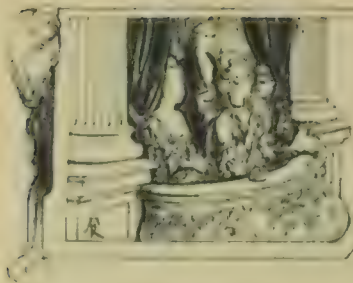
DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ACROBATIC "SKELETONS" AND "PIRATES" IN THE ARENA AT OLYMPIA: A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF TRICK-RIDING IN THE ARENA AT OLYMPIA BY MEN OF THE 17TH-21ST LANCERS.

One of the most amusing and thrilling items in the Royal Tournament at Olympia was a wonderful display of trick-riding by men of the 17th-21st Lancers dressed as skeletons and pirates. It might be thought, from their dash and daring, worthy of any Red Indian of former days, that they had been inured to the saddle from childhood, but in reality most of them are recent recruits who volunteered for the show. The origin of their costume is given in "Regimental

Nicknames and Traditions of the British Army" (Gale and Polden). Here we read that, of the six regiments of Lancers, "the best known is perhaps the 17th Lancers, on account of its grim crest, a skull with cross-bones, which, with its motto, 'Or Glory,' has led to its popular name of 'The Death or Glory Boys. . . . The 17th Lancers in 1795 provided a detachment for service in H.M.S. 'Hermione' as Marines, and were promptly nicknamed 'The Horse Marines.'"



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA."

MY most prominent sensation while watching "The Case of Sergeant Grischka," at the Marble Arch Pavilion, was that here is a film that has been robbed of a great deal of its innate dramatic strength by speech. The picture is, of course, based on Arnold Zweig's famous

meeting and sanctuary in the forest with compatriot deserters from the Russian Army are less convincing. Nor is the presence among them of Babka, the peasant girl (played by Betty Compson), particularly credible. How great her part—if any—is in the book, I do not know. In the film, all the incidents connected with her and her growing love for Grischka have an undeniable aspect of the traditional feminine interest conventionally dragged in. Even the bequest, just before his execution, of Grischka's ring to his unborn child seems somehow irrelevant. If, from the point of view of a comprehensive adaptation of the novel, I am doing the producer an injustice in saying this, I can only add that, to my mind, the dramatic coherence of the whole film would have been increased by the elimination of all these sentimental episodes. As it is, they tend to detract from the obvious sincerity of motive that is the philosophic, if not the artistic, inspiration of the picture. How far that inspiration is likely to become effectively operative is too big a question to be debated here. What does immedi-

ately emerge from a careful study of the film is that any attempt to translate definite propaganda material into terms of satisfactory impressionistic drama on the screen is no less beset by snares and pitfalls than is any such attempt upon the stage.

kinema itself—an art which is fundamentally dependent on many things besides the technical skill or fiscal foresight of the casting director. On more than one occasion in the past I have maintained that no film, as such, has any right to be saved by its acting. If it is, it may reflect great credit on the individual performers, but this does not give it a logical claim to be classed as a good film. I do not mean to imply by this that the picture referred to is thus rescued from an ignominious fate by its interpreters, for it has several angles of interest and distinction, quite apart from its excellent acting. I merely use it as a warning against the possibility of future and complacent exploitation of what should be but a component factor of technical skill and beauty to the exclusion of the equally important considerations of story, movement, and pictorial values.



"THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA" AS A FILM-PLAY: GRISCHA HIDES IN THE WOOD-TRUCK TO ESCAPE FROM THE GERMAN PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP.

"The Case of Sergeant Grischka," the talking-film version of Arnold Zweig's world-famous book of the same name, was screened at the Marble Arch Pavilion for a run on June 1. Mr. Chester Morris is the Grischka, the man pursued by relentless Fate in the form of the German war-machine, and Miss Betty Compson is the Babka.

novel (which, by the way, I have not read). What I might call its intellectual content is frankly propagandist in nature and treatment—propaganda directed not so much against war as war, as against the inexorable working of German militarist judicial machinery. On the side of more emotional values we have the bewildered, often distraught, and always uncomprehending, sufferings of the young Russian soldier who escapes from an enemy prison-camp on the Eastern front with the object of returning to his home, and is subsequently recaptured and shot. Much of this part of the film is genuinely moving, largely because the acting of Chester Morris—who plays the name-part—has about it a certain quality of fateful resignation, as of one who dumbly realises himself to be an unidentified unit in a machine over which he has no personal control.

But even here the dialogue, sparse as it is, is usually a fortuitous accessory, not an essential part of the action. It may not always detract from, but neither does it often add anything to, the poignancy of mental or physical situation. And there are some moments when the diversity of accents among the players is decidedly disconcerting to the hearer. In the scenes, however, where talk is employed as a definitely propagandist weapon, the film goes completely to pieces as a dramatic entity. Not even the excellent delivery of Alec. B. Francis carries conviction in his plea for "God's justice" as opposed to military procedure. Indeed, we are embarrassed by it, as in the presence of one who would pray unexpectedly and aloud in a profane place. Nor is the final statement—"They have killed him. The machine wins"—made by the young German lieutenant who would have saved the prisoner if he could, any more effective either emotionally or intellectually. It is merely a form of verbal underlining that might well have been dispensed with. We have seen the boy's eyes bandaged, heard the volley of the firing squad, seen the prone body on the morning-lit snow. We have heard, too—and again to our embarrassment—the anguished cry of "Mother!" from the prisoner as the implacable rifles are raised. Enough, surely, of visual and aural realism to have allowed the propagandist moral to remain implicit, and so infinitely more impressive to imagination and memory. This is why I say that speech has robbed the film of much of its dramatic strength. For dramatic it undoubtedly is in conception and subject. It is in its treatment that what might have been most forceful subtleties of silent technique in such capable hands as those of Alec. B. Francis, Jean Hersholt, and Gustav von Seyffertitz have been sacrificed to a comparative crudity of talk that only escapes the epithet of "tub-thumping" by virtue of the skill of the actors who deliver it.

On the pictorial side the film is adequately staged and photographed. The earlier sequences, which show the escape of Grischka from the prison-camp and his frenzied dodging of the search-light that sweeps back and forth across the darkness to frustrate any attempt at regaining freedom, are tense enough. His subsequent

snares and pitfalls than is any such attempt upon the stage.

"SONG O' MY HEART."

The management of one of the big West-End picture-houses is congratulating itself on what is claimed as the evident attraction which the appearance of well-known stage stars in a film has for a large proportion of habitués of the legitimate theatre. But, if the magnet of popular stage personalities may produce most satisfactory results from the box-office point of view, there is a very real danger behind it in regard to the progressive development of the art of the



"THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA": GRISCHA, IN THE WAR-MACHINE TO THE END, IS MARCHED TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.



"THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA": GRISCHA, THE ESCAPED RUSSIAN PRISONER, AND BABKA, THE PEASANT GIRL WHO IS HIS FRIEND—MR. CHESTER MORRIS AND MISS BETTY COMPSON.

repertory of eleven songs have the same exquisite depth of tone and colour, the rhythm of light and shadow that only a very fine artist could even attempt to achieve.

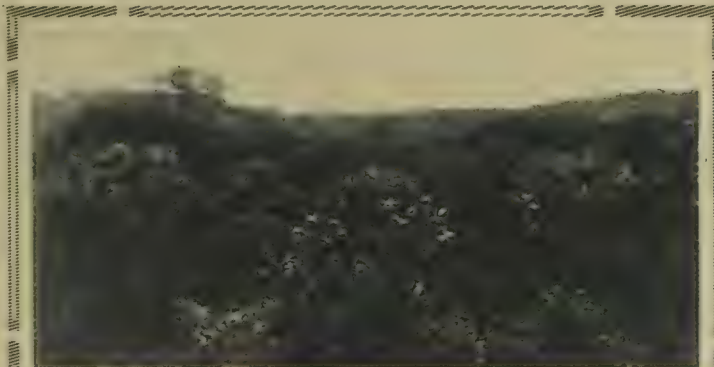
But such singing is of the concert platform, not of the kinema. Music, even in sound-films, should be the servant, not the master, of the screen—as important in its own place as the self-effacing accompaniment so ably played by John McCormack's usual pianist—but never the star. It is true that the producer, Frank Borzage, with a most unconvincing story as his basic material, has been more successful in achieving a logical and natural background of situations and settings than was Herbert Wilcox in "The Loves of Robert Burns." In this respect he received considerable assistance from John McCormack himself. For the singer makes no attempt at histrionic finesse; he is completely natural, and we feel that his singing is as inevitable an expression of his artistic personality as is the acting of a Von Stroheim or a Maurice Chevalier. But, in the same way as "The Loves of Robert Burns" was dominated by the splendid artistry of James Hislop the singer, to the almost complete exclusion of Robert Burns the poet, so in "Song o' My Heart" are our musical senses enthralled by John McCormack. But our dramatic and legitimate screen emotions are, if they are stirred at all, moved only to irritated dissatisfaction.

What, then, is the moral to be drawn from such æsthetic content as is produced by John McCormack's singing, in contrast with the sense of frustration in regard to nearly all that we have come to understand and look for as essentially cinematographic? It is, I think, a very simple one. If musical recording is to find permanent and satisfactory place in the screen entertainment of the future, then let it be recorded music, without any elaboration of story or of picture. Such perfect reproduction of the voice of a great singer as has been achieved in "Song o' My Heart" is sufficient reward in itself, and needs no would-be adornment from what is essentially a distinct and alien art.

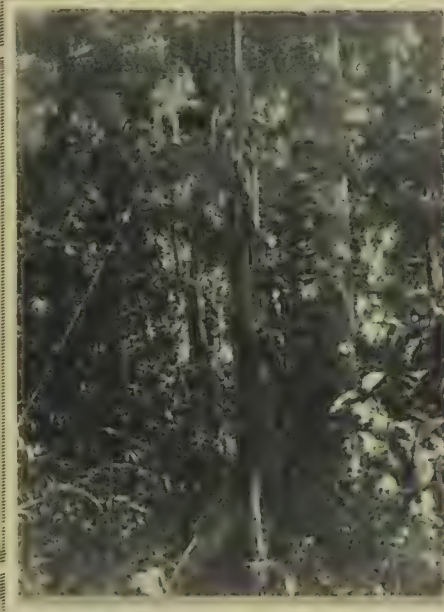
NATURE STUDY IN THE TREE-TOPS: ON THE "ROOF" OF A TROPICAL FOREST.



AN OBSERVATION CHAIR SLUNG HIGH ON A TREE IN A CLEARING, WHICH PERMITTED THE OBSERVER TO STUDY THE LIFE IN THE FOREST "CANOPY."



THE VIEW FROM AN OBSERVATION-POST OVER THE FOREST ROOF: A VAST GREEN PLAIN (VISIBLE FOR ABOUT EIGHT SQUARE MILES), GAY WITH COLOUR OF FOLIAGE AND FLOWERS, AND ABOUNDING IN ANIMAL LIFE.



GOING UP: A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION ON AN OBSERVATION CHAIR BEING HAULED UP THROUGH THE BODY OF THE FOREST.



A ROCKET-FIRING APPARATUS IN ACTION: THE METHOD FIRST USED FOR THROWING ROPES OVER BRANCHES IN THE FOREST CANOPY.



WITH A MISSILE ATTACHED TO A LIGHT ROPE (COILED INSIDE THE CYLINDER), WHICH IT CARRIES UP: A LINE-THROWING GUN.



ASCENDING A STRAIGHT TRUNK BY MEANS OF SPIKED BOOTS AND A ROPE: A CLIMBER SQUIRTING PETROLEUM AS HE GOES, TO KEEP OFF SWARMS OF ANTS.



A LONG NET USED FOR CATCHING SPECIMENS AT A HEIGHT OF 30 FT. FROM THE GROUND, OR FROM AN OBSERVATION-POST IN THE BRANCHES OF THE FOREST CANOPY.



ON AN IMPROVED SEAT OF A TYPE FOUND UNSATISFACTORY AND REPLACED LATER BY MORE COMFORTABLE CHAIRS: A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION ABOUT TO BE HAULED UP.



CLIMBING UP TO THE FOREST ROOF ON A ROPE-LADDER, WHICH HAD AN UNPLEASANT HABIT OF TWISTING ROUND HALF-WAY: A STRIKING VIEW FROM BELOW.

These photographs illustrate Major R. W. G. Hingston's very interesting article, given on the succeeding page, in which he describes the Oxford University Expedition to British Guiana, last year, for the purpose of studying the fauna and flora of the forest "roof." He explains the arrangements by which the observers ascended to the tree-tops, and the methods of fixing the ropes, a task in which human climbers proved more efficient than rockets and line-throwing guns. Animal life on the forest "canopy" was found to differ greatly from that on

lower levels. The specimens collected, which have since been deposited in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, comprised 75 mammals, 166 birds, 207 reptiles, and some 10,000 insects; besides 5000 sets of plants and about 500 miscellaneous items, which have been sent to Kew Gardens. In a lecture given recently before the Royal Geographical Society, Major Hingston declared that these thousands of specimens formed "a mere drop in the ocean" compared with the immensity yet to be explored.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR R. W. G. HINGSTON. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 1026.)



THE "ROOF" OF A TROPICAL FOREST.

"A WORLD ABOVE MAN'S HEAD": TREE-TOP LIFE, WITH ITS DISTINCTIVE FAUNA AND FLORA.



By MAJOR R. W. G. HINGSTON, of the Oxford University Expedition to British Guiana.
(See Illustrations on the Preceding and Facing Pages.)

A VAST area of the Equatorial region is covered in dense rain forest. The basin of the Amazon, much of Western Africa, the large islands of the Malay Archipelago, may be given as typical examples. These forests have a very characteristic feature in the form of a canopy or roof. The heads of the great trees come together and intermingle; they are laced and intertwined with a network of creepers. The result is that a layer of vegetation is formed which is usually spoken of as the forest roof.

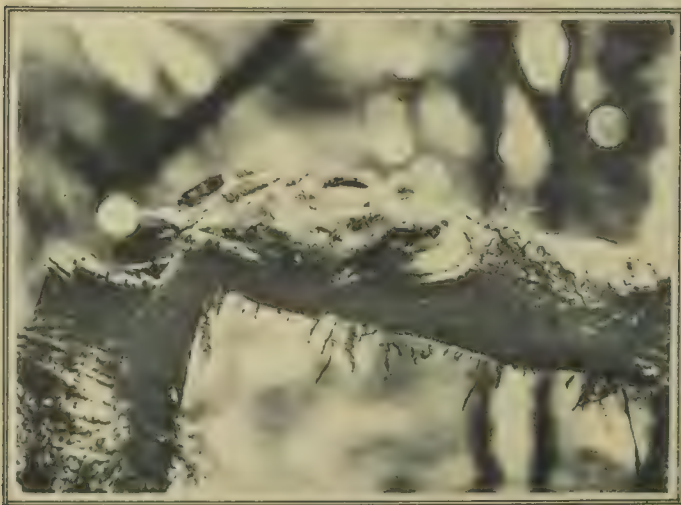
An expedition under the auspices of Oxford University proceeded last year to British Guiana for the purpose of investigating this forest roof. What kind of life was to be found in it? Was that life distinctly different from that on the forest floor? The party found a suitable site for its investigations on the right bank of the Essequibo River. A narrow

ropes over the canopy branches. A line-throwing gun for the same purpose was also part of the propulsive equipment. These machines threw their missiles with impressive force not only into, but far above, the canopy. The difficulty was to aim the missile over the particular branch and to get it down to ground again without being hopelessly entangled in the canopy. Native help proved more valuable than the firing machines. We secured the services of two men who were accustomed to climb *balata* trees. They are known in the colony as *balata*-bleeders. With spikes on their boots and circles of ropes round both their bodies and the tree-trunks, they were able to carry ropes to the first forks of the trees. Getting into the branches, they hauled up one end of a block and tackle and made it fast at about 80 feet. To the lower end of the tackle a chair was attached, and in this one could be hauled in fair comfort into the crown of the tree.

Other trees were climbed with the help of rope-ladders stretched out from the trunks of the trees after the manner of the shrouds of a ship. These ladders tended to twist round and had to be stayed with lateral guy-ropes. Rope-ladders were spread about the branches so as to give access to different parts of the canopy. Observation-platforms were established at different levels between 80 and 130 feet. From these posts the canopy life could be kept under observation, and every hour of the day and night is represented in this biological record. Large numbers of animals were collected either by scrambling along the branches and rope-ladders or by setting suitable traps to catch them. It was particularly enjoyable to get to the highest points and look both down on and over the wide expanse of forest roof. The outlook was the most complete contrast imaginable from the gloomy confinement of the forest floor. One looked out over a green plain, not altogether level, but raised and lowered into hills and valleys in accordance with the irregularities of the ground and the varying heights of the trees. There was plenty of gay colour on this roof-top; every shade of green was represented, and many of the young leaves were yellow, copper, and red. Beautiful flowers abounded, and on

every side, both in the canopy itself and in the air above it, there was an abundance of animal life.

In the course of these forest investigations several remarkable things were met with. One of the most striking was a snake-like caterpillar (Fig. 1, opposite page). It was green in colour, with two long, dark



PROTECTIVE COLORATION IN THE FORESTS OF BRITISH GUIANA:
A FROG HARMONISING WITH ITS BACKGROUND.

"Frogs abound in a tropical forest. Many are bright green and live on the green leaves; others are dressed in mottled brown and sit on the brown branches of trees."

tributary creek, some 40 feet wide, led them for a distance of two miles into a tract of primeval forest. There they pitched a permanent camp, and established observation-posts in the tops of the big trees. The area of work was covered all over with dense, luxuriant forest. Many of the trees were real monsters, some 16 to 18 feet in girth and 150 feet high. These big trees were, however, rather thinly scattered; the vast majority were trees of intermediate size, all crowded together in thousands, and all, as it were, struggling with one another to get their heads up into the forest roof. Every tree was straight and branchless. Not one flowered until it reached the roof, where it could push its head into the open and secure the warmth and light. Creepers of all kinds laced these trees together, some spreading in long loops from tree to tree, others hanging down like loose cordage from the canopy, others twisting themselves like immense serpents around the tall, straight trunks. Lichens, mosses, epiphytes of many kinds, clothed the trunks and branches of the trees in the usual riotous tropical confusion. Many of the trees were remarkably fashioned. Some had their roots far above the ground, supporting the trunk on a pyramid of stilts, others had their bases drawn out into long buttresses that made them look something like masonry columns sustaining the green roof. The forest was very damp, every leaf in it dripped. It was still, windless, and gloomy. On every side was the richest vegetation, and under foot a carpet of mould.

Trails were made through this forest in all directions so as to provide easy access. Hundreds of trees were hewn down in order to secure the canopy flowers. Mammals, birds, reptiles, and insects were collected and subsequently brought to England. A week after establishing camp the party started on its main objective, the attempt to get into the tree-roof. The average height of the canopy in this area was about 100 feet. From the ground one could not see much of what existed in it. Monkeys certainly were visible enough; birds could be heard twittering in its branches; with powerful glasses one could get a glimpse of some of the smaller creatures. But the very little one could see from the ground was only sufficient to make one realise how little one knew of that zone of life.

Ascents were made in different places. A rocket-firing apparatus was first used for trying to shoot



PROVING THE "STRATIFICATION" OF ANIMAL LIFE IN A
TROPICAL FOREST: THREE TRAPS SUSPENDED AT DIFFERENT
LEVELS, IN BRITISH GUIANA.

"These traps were hauled up in strings and suspended at different levels. The captures differed much at the successive levels, and indicated how the animal life of a tropical forest is spread out in horizontal layers."



"CAMOUFLAGE" BY TRANSPARENCY: A BUTTERFLY
ON DEAD LEAVES VISIBLE THROUGH ITS WINGS.

"Many butterflies escape danger by resembling their environment. But this one has done the trick more neatly. Its wings are transparent, like pieces of glass. It alights on the forest floor, and the dead leaves on which it settles can be seen through its transparent wings."

bands, and ordinarily stretched itself on a green stem, where it blended fairly well with its natural surroundings. But when alarmed it went through a remarkable transformation. It lifted itself up from the green stem, twisted its under-surface forward, dilated its head into a bulbous enlargement, and opened a slit on either side of the dilatation which exposed a black, protruding patch that looked like a glaring eye. The caterpillar had, in fact, converted itself into the image of a green, poisonous viper that frequented the forest trees. This was its remarkable method of defence. When a bird or lizard or other enemy approached, the caterpillar became a snake. In contrast to this was another kind of caterpillar which displayed a sort of double scheme of harmonisation (Fig. 4). Its habit was to eat away the end of a leaf until nothing was left but the bare midrib. It then used to cut off small bits of the leaf, bits about the same size and shape as itself, and anchor these with silk threads along the bared midrib. Having done this, it took up a position at the extreme end of the midrib. It was the same green colour as the leaf, and was thus well concealed. But after some days the bits began to wither and turned black. Then came the second stage in the harmonisation. The caterpillar threw off its skin and came out in black, like the withered bits.

A third remarkable instance of harmonisation was that of a spider which made a band across its web and left a gap in the middle into which it fitted its body (Fig. 2). In addition to this concealment it manufactured two decoys. It built in its web two little pellets which looked at first sight as if they were the spider sitting in its open web. The enemy, on arriving, would strike at the pellet in mistake for the spider. This would result in shaking the web, and the spider would drop and seek safety in vegetation. A remarkable spider's trap (Fig. 3) consisted of a cone placed horizontally. When an insect stuck to one of the threads, the spider pulled out the apex of the cone as far as possible; then it allowed the cone to spring back, the threads coming close together and gripping the insect.

MASQUERADING CATERPILLARS AND CUNNING SPIDERS: INSECT TRAPS AND PROTECTIVE COLORATION.

Drawings by Major R. W. G. HINGSTON. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 1. A CATERPILLAR THAT ASSUMES, AT WILL, THE ASPECT OF A POISONOUS SNAKE FOR SELF-PROTECTION.

The left sketch shows the creature at rest. It is green in colour with two dark bands, and lies along a green stem. When alarmed it assumes the attitude shown in the right sketch. It lifts its body from the stem, dilates its head into a bulbous enlargement, and exposes and protrudes two black patches which look like glaring eyes. In fact, it makes itself look exactly like a poisonous tree viper that is fairly common in the forest foliage.

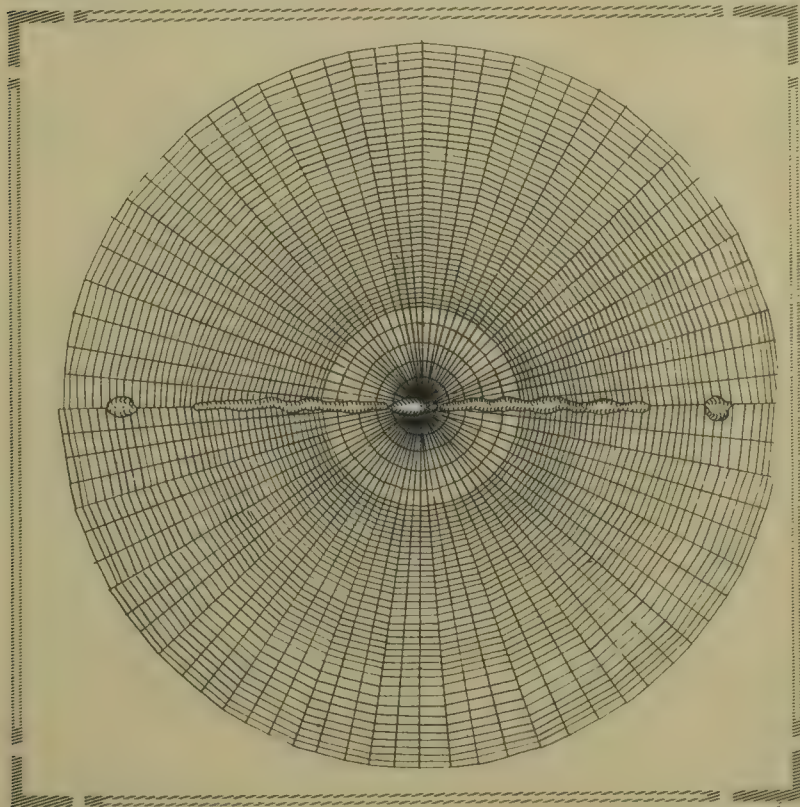


FIG. 2. A SPIDER THAT CAMOUFLAGES ITSELF AND MAKES DECOY "DUMMY" SPIDERS FOR ENEMIES TO ATTACK.

This spider's snare is of the circular pattern, like those in an English garden. But the creature has in it a protective device. It has built a silk band along one diameter, and has left a gap in the centre of the band, and seats itself in this gap. The band is the same colour as the spider, the same width, and the gap in the middle is made of such a size as to be exactly filled by the spider. The spider is therefore no longer visible. It has become part of a longitudinal band. But, in addition to this protective structure the spider has added two other objects which serve the purpose of decoys. It puts in its web two pellets made of silk. These are the most spider-like objects in the web, and look much more like a spider than does the real spider, which is part of a band. When the enemy comes along, it strikes at the pellet in mistake for the spider. When it strikes, then the web shakes. This alarms the spider at the centre, which, feeling the vibration, drops to ground and escapes.

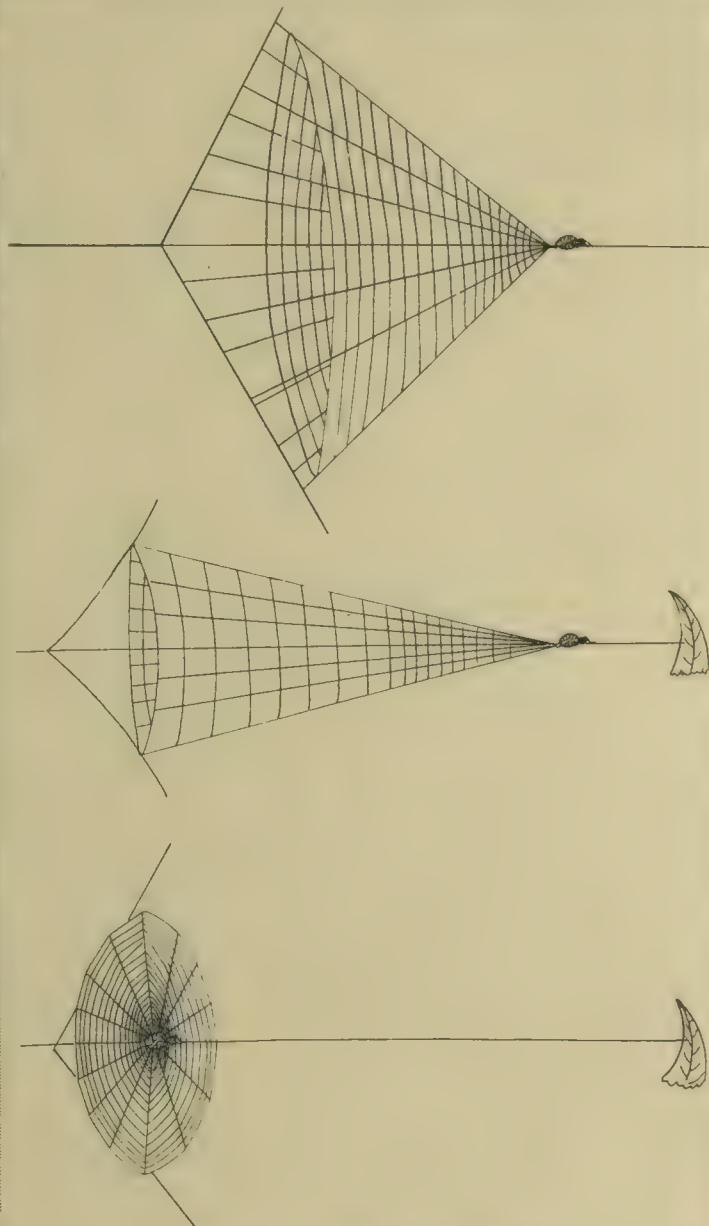


FIG. 3. A SPIDER'S TRAP FOR INSECTS: A CONE EXTENDED AND THEN ALLOWED TO SPRING BACK ON THE VICTIM.

This is a novel kind of trap. It is set in the forest as shown in the top diagram. It is conical in shape with a horizontal thread running from the apex of the cone to a point of attachment on a leaf. The spider sits just outside the apex of the cone. Its mode of working is shown in the two lower diagrams. When an insect sticks to one of its threads, the spider runs out along the horizontal line and pulls after it the apex of the cone. As the web is very elastic, it gets pulled far out into an elongated cone. The spider then lets go its hold, and the whole cone, by its elasticity, springs back into the ordinary cart-wheel shape. It carries the spider with it, and its meshes, which, when the cone was elongated, were widely separated, come into the closest approximation and tightly grip the insect.

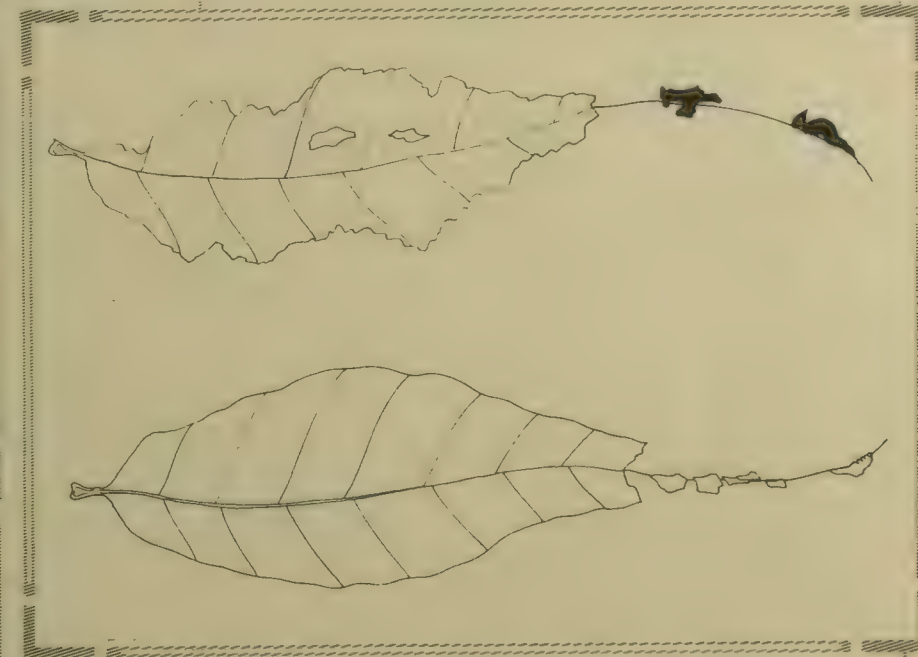
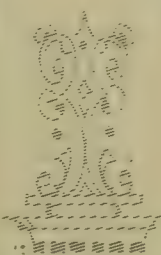


FIG. 4. A CATERPILLAR WITH A DOUBLE SCHEME OF HARMONISATION.

It eats away the end of a leaf until the bare midrib is left. It then cuts off little bits of the leaf, bits about its own size and shape, and anchors these with silk to the midrib. It takes its seat on the end of the midrib (extreme right in lower diagram), and, being itself green, it can scarcely be distinguished from one of the little bits of attached leaf. As the caterpillar grows, the bits of leaf wither and end by becoming black. Then comes the second stage in the harmonisation. The caterpillar casts off its skin and comes out in a coat of black (extreme right above).

The above drawings, which illustrate the latter part of Major R. W. G. Hingston's article on the opposite page, show some remarkably interesting examples of deceptive ingenuity, among insect life observed in the forests of British Guiana. Three of them, it will be noticed (Figs. 1, 2, and 4), are in the nature of

"camouflage," or protective coloration assumed for purposes of self-defence. Such are the caterpillar that masquerades as a poisonous snake; the other that pretends to be a leaf (green or black, as required); and the spider that makes decoys to draw any attack. The other example (Fig. 3) is a trap for prey.

WHERE A DEDICATION, A FIRST SERVICE, AND A ROYAL BIRTH ARE BEING COMMEMORATED: CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS (EXCEPT THAT OF THE EFFIGY OF THE BLACK PRINCE AND THE TESTER PAINTING) BY WINIFRED WARD; THAT OF THE EFFIGY BY JOHN CHARLTON; THAT OF THE TESTER PAINTING BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR E. W. TRISTRAM.



A FAMOUS VIEW OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS COMMEMORATING A DEDICATION, A FIRST SERVICE, AND THE BIRTH OF THE BLACK PRINCE: THE BELL-HARRY TOWER (OR, ANGEL STEEPLE) AND THE DARK ENTRY.



DEDICATED IN APRIL, 1180, AN OCCASION OF WHICH GERVASE WROTE: "OUR LORD WENT BEFORE US INTO GALILEE—THAT IS, IN OUR TRANS-MIGRATION TO THE NEW CHURCH"—THE CHOIR OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



A RELIC OF THE NORTH HALL OF THE PRIORY OF CHRIST CHURCH, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, IN WHICH THE POORER PILGRIMS SLEPT AND ATE, BRINGING THEIR OWN BEDDING AND COOKING UTENSILS: THE BOYER STAIRWAY.



ON THE WOODEN TESTER OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S TOMB: "THE HOLY TRINITY, AND SYMBOLS OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS." (COPY BY PROFESSOR TRISTRAM.)



SHOWING THE ROYAL HELM, JUPON, GAUNTLETS, AND OTHER RELICS ABOVE THE TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE, WITH ITS LIFE-SIZED EFFIGY.



IN FULL ARMOUR, IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ROYAL WILL: THE HEAD SECTION OF THE RECUMBENT, LIFE-SIZED EFFIGY OF THE BLACK PRINCE ON HIS TOMB.



POSSIBLY CONSECRATED IN THE YEAR 1114: THE CRYPST OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS NOTED FOR ITS VAST SIZE, THE BOLD SPAN OF ITS VAULTS, AND GROTESQUE CARVINGS ON ITS PIER CAPITALS.

From June 7 until the 14th, there is being held at Canterbury Cathedral a Festival of Commemoration recalling the dedication of the Norman Cathedral, on May 4, 1130; the first service in the present Choir, on April 20, 1180; and the birth of the Black Prince, on June 15, 1330. The thanksgivings will open with a special service on the 7th, and will include other services; recitals of music; the presentation of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." (Part II.) and "Henry V." in the Deanery Garden or in the Chapter House, according to the weather; an Exhibition of Treasures in the Cathedral Library; lectures; and a Festival of the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, when there will be unveiled the statue of St. Thomas of Canterbury which has been presented by the Church of Sweden. As to certain of the photographs here reproduced, it may be said of the first that the construction of the central tower (called the Bell-Harry Tower, from the bell "Harry"; or, the Angel Steeple, from the gilded figure of an angel which once was on the summit) was undertaken in the days of Archbishop Morton and Prior Thomas Goldstone II. (died, 1517). The bell, it may be added, has nothing to do with

King Henry VIII., as has often been supposed: indeed, it is known to have been in the Cathedral as far back as 1298. It is tolled for one hour on the death of a Sovereign or an Archbishop of Canterbury, and it is rung for ten minutes four times a day.—The Choir that was dedicated in 1180 is the successor of that which was burnt in September 1174.—With regard to the Black Prince's Tomb, it may be said that the objects displayed once included the royal sword, dagger, and target; but these are no longer there, and there is a story that the sword was removed by Oliver Cromwell, although there is, in fact, no evidence that the Protector was ever in Canterbury. The recumbent, life-size effigy is of latten. On the underside of the wooden tester is painted an anthropomorphic representation of the Holy Trinity (fourteenth century). The copy of it, here reproduced, is by Professor E. W. Tristram, and is in the English Medieval Art Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum.—The North Hall, or Aula Nova, of the Priory of Christ Church is thought to have served the poorer pilgrims as dormitory and refectory; while pilgrims of greater estate were found other and more private quarters.

A CHILEAN NOVELTY FOR ENGLISH GARDENS.

"GLORY OF THE SUN" (*LEUCOCORYNE IXIOIDES ODORATA*): AN EXQUISITE WILD FLOWER FROM THE ANDES BROUGHT TO ENGLAND.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, the well-known Botanist and Plant-Collector. (See Illustration in Colour on Page 1031.)

IT is an astonishing thing that such a superb flower as "Glory of the Sun" should have remained almost unknown until the present day. Small

where they think they will, but which utterly refuse to submit to cultivation in captivity? There are such flowers, and one can but admire their independence—and avoid them. To the South I had a couple of thousand miles or so of, to me, unexplored Chile waiting to be looted, but I decided to go North after "Glory of the Sun," and at last I found it. I have spent many years in search of plants, but the sight of "Glory of the Sun" as I found it on a sun-drenched slope at the base of a range of foot-hills, was the most astounding flower pageant I ever saw, or ever expect to see.

It grew by the million for a mile or so, abruptly stopped, and then, after a barren stretch of several miles, the hill-sides were again a paradise of blue. At length I began to dig for bulbs, and soon I found it a miner's job. They were about as big as snowdrop bulbs, 6 or 7

about three times as many bulbs as I had originally decided would be ample.

All this took place in September 1927, a month which is the Chilean spring. The bulbs were shipped to England, and I said good-bye to the local king and his family, who had rescued me from an hotel which did not suit me, and had most hospitably entertained me, and in every way helped me during the month I was botanising and "mining" in their neighbourhood. So southward again—south, and far south, the whole length of Chile, down through the Southern Straits to Patagonia, and half-way down through Tierra del Fuego, collecting plants all the way. Seven months later I met my *Leucocoryne* bulbs in England, and a little later I planted them, thinking that, having flowered in Chile in September, in England they would flower in September too. Not a bit of it. *Leucocoryne* is a plant of strong ideas and sound common sense. It takes no stock of mere months and their names. In Chile it flowers in spring, and in England it does the same. No amount of the artificial spring conditions and greenhouse cossetting availed to awaken it to growth. The bulbs resisted every blandishment, and slept stolidly until the genuine spring arrived; then they came with a rush. First the rather meagre leaves, like tired young onions, and then the flowering, not quite, but almost, as good as that of eighteen months ago in Northern Chile.



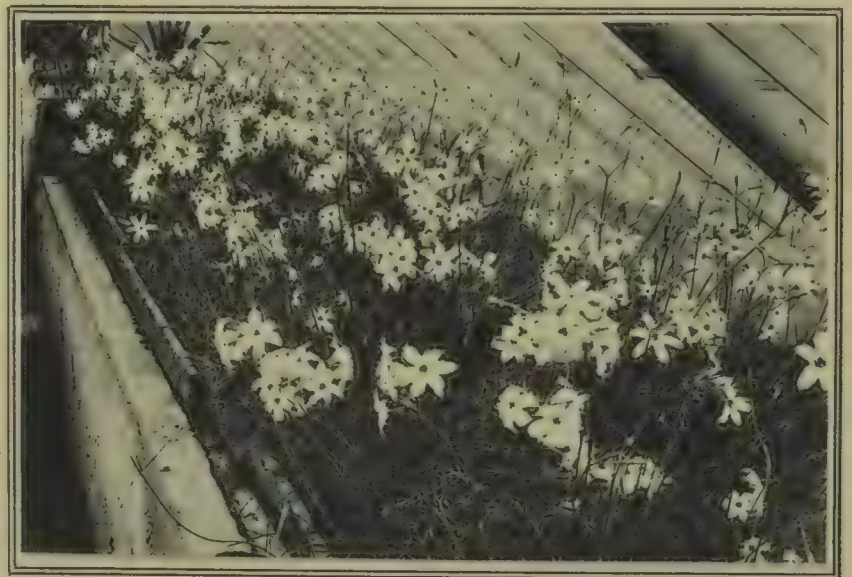
AS A WILD FLOWER IN CHILE: "GLORY OF THE SUN" FOUND GROWING ON A SLOPE AT THE BASE OF FOOT-HILLS OF THE ANDES.

quantities of the bulbs may have been sent from Chile from time to time, but evidently no one knew just how to grow them, and probably all were quickly killed by coddling. It was figured years ago in the *Botanical Magazine*, and the portrait, like nearly all portraits in that splendid work, is obviously a faithful, accurate representation, a "speaking likeness." Unfortunately, however, it is a "speaking likeness" of a poor, pallid ghost of a specimen which looks as though it had been grown in some dark, damp cellar. When, therefore, I went on a plant-collecting expedition to Chile in 1927-28, I was a good deal puzzled to see great bunches of an exquisite blue flower, graceful and fragrant, in every flower market that I visited. I came upon it directly I landed in Valparaiso, not merely bunches, but buckets full of bunches, and tubs full. I bought and took it to my room at the Astur, where it lasted amazingly well, ten days or more.

Why had this lovely thing never found its way to English gardens? Somehow it seemed all wrong. It was unseemly—after reading of Farrer and Forrest and Kingdon Ward—that a collector should step ashore at a populous port like Valparaiso, stiff with a colony of English flower-lovers, and there, in the first flower-market, bump straight into such a first-class plant as *Leucocoryne*. More properly, I should have ridden upon the backs of mules or of llamas far into the Andean cordilleras, and there, amid horrid perils, precipices, hostile heathen, and what-not, discovered my "Glory of the Sun." It was all too easy, and seemed too good to be true. I enquired where the flowers grew, and was told that they came from a district two hundred miles to the north, which made the thing all the more surprising. Here was a flower so lovely that, although a wild flower in its own country, it was not only worth sending two hundred miles to market, but was capable of standing up to two hundred miles of Chilean conditions of transport and climate. The lady at the flower-stall thought the English señor silly to desire roots of this common wild flower; what he really ought to buy were some nice dahlia roots!

Leucocoryne gave me a lot of hard thinking. I simply could not believe that it was as it seemed to be. A plant of infinite grace and charm—look at the pictures—clean, nutty fragrance, flowers like gigantic scillas or chionodoxas, of a clear, luminous blue with a subtle tinge of lavender or mauve, and shading to a snow-white centre; heads of such flowers on long, wiry stems which made them sheer joy to arrange in a vase. And then their phenomenal lasting quality! There must be a catch in it somewhere. But the only snag I could think of was the question of cultivation in Europe. Was it one of those strange plants, those intractable devils, which will flourish

inches down in hard, sandy ground. I decided that it would be best to hand over mining operations to Local Labour, and so, whilst I explored the hills for other treasures, Local Labour mined for bulbs. We fixed a price per hundred, and soon a sort of Gold Rush set in. Minute infants armed with scraps of hoop-iron joined in, and came to mining headquarters with "strikes" of seven or so bulbs, carried in a grubby "hankie." The working out of the price of seven bulbs at the rate of so much per hundred involved most frightful calculations. The difficulty, then, was to stop the Gold Rush. Never had Local Labour earned such money in so silly an occupation, and soon I had acquired



AS A HOT-HOUSE PLANT IN ENGLAND: "GLORY OF THE SUN" (*LEUCOCORYNE*) IMPROVED. UNDER CULTIVATION—AT SIX HILLS NURSERY, STEVENAGE.



THE "BIRD OF PARADISE" BLOOM AT THE TOP OF A HIGH STEM: A WONDERFUL SOUTH AFRICAN PLANT RECENTLY FLOWERING IN THE CACTUS HOUSE AT KEW GARDENS.

This is the "Bird of Paradise" plant (*Strelitzia reginae*) of which an illustration in colour is given on page 1032 of this number.

My last fear for "Glory of the Sun" has vanished. As a wild flower and a cut flower on the flower-stalls of Valparaiso it was superb. Now it has proved itself a "dishlicker," amenable to cultivation in England. It actually enjoys captivity, and has already improved under cultivation. I have made another raid, in 1929-30, upon the Chilean flora in general and *Leucocoryne* in particular, and have brought not only bulbs, but great store of seed. In future the hills of Northern Chile may sun-bask secure from further raids from me or any other botanical freebooter. The advance of agriculture may, in the end, exterminate "Glory of the Sun" from its native foot-hills, but the plant has come to Europe and come to stay. We now know what it wants and how to grow it, and we have enough material from which to increase the stock to any extent necessary. The plant is just as easy to grow as a Freesia, and it demands exactly the same cultivation. Normally, it is a cool-greenhouse plant in this country. In favoured districts it may be grown in the open, and they have grown it at Kew for the last two years, at the foot of a south wall. In Italy and the South of France it will be especially happy. Its great value is as a cut flower in spring—February, March, and April. It is fairly safe to predict that in a few years "Glory of the Sun" will be sold to the million by the million; and to introduce a plant which achieves that result is, or should be, the ambition of every plant-collector.

A New Wonder Flower from Chile:

"GLORY OF THE SUN."

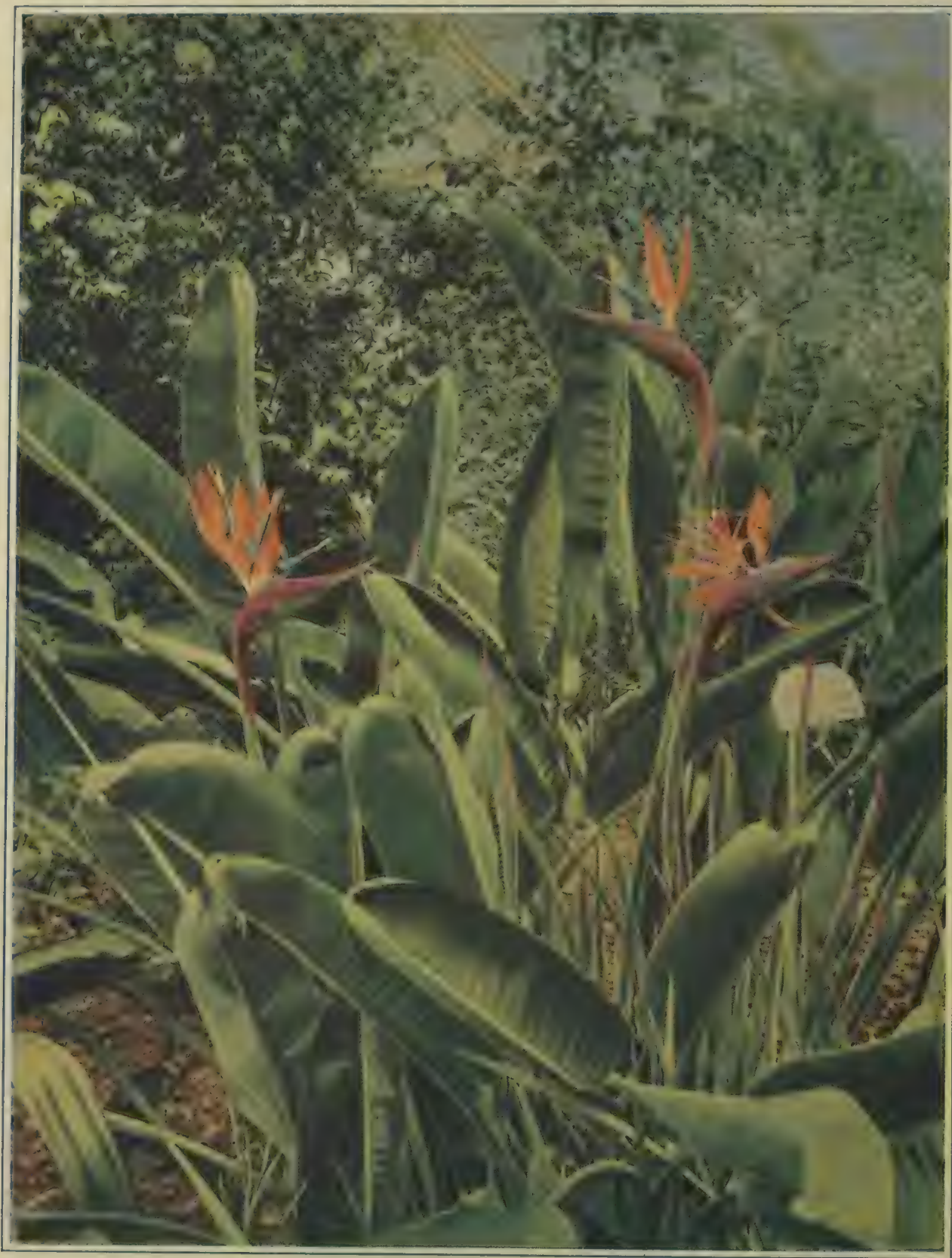


A NOVELTY IN ENGLAND, BUT GROWING WILD IN MAGNIFICENT PROFUSION ON FOOT-HILLS OF THE ANDES: "GLORY OF THE SUN" (*LEUCOCORYNE IXIOIDES ODORATA*)—A CHILEAN FLOWER LATELY BROUGHT TO THIS COUNTRY.

In his article given elsewhere in this number, Mr. Clarence Elliott, the well-known botanist and plant-collector, describes how he first came across this beautiful flower, hitherto unfamiliar to English garden-lovers, in the market at Valparaíso, and how afterwards he ran it to earth in its native haunts among the foot-hills of the Andes, where it grew by the million for miles and formed (he says) "the most astounding flower pageant I ever saw." During his expeditions, Mr. Elliott, accompanied by Dr. William B. Gourley, has

traversed the desert lands of northern Chile, and ascended the Andes to a height of 10,000 ft. He brought home bulbs of *Leucocoryne*, and has succeeded in growing them in England. "It actually enjoys captivity," he writes, "and has already improved under cultivation." Some of his specimens were seen at the Royal Horticultural Society's Show in Westminster last March. The flower is described as "of a clear luminous blue, shaped like a scilla, but three or four times as large, and with a white centre." Our photograph is by Mrs. Malby.

A Wonder Flower from South Africa: THE "BIRD OF PARADISE."



A "GIANT" 12 FT. HIGH, BORN AT KEW GARDENS OF TWO PARENT PLANTS FROM SOUTH AFRICA: THE GREAT "BIRD OF PARADISE" PLANT IN FLOWER IN THE CACTUS HOUSE.

Great interest was aroused among botanists, a few weeks ago, by the fact that the Bird of Paradise plant was in bloom in the cactus house at Kew Gardens. The flower is perched on its stem at a height of nearly ten feet, and in its shape and colouring it suggests the bird of brilliant hues and flamboyant tail from which it takes its name. The height of the whole plant at Kew is about twelve feet. It was "born" in the Gardens, as the offspring of two other plants, natives of South Africa, which are also in the cactus house. The plant has

huge broad leaves which are nearly a yard in length. Among them appear large masses of blooms—pink, purple, crimson, and white. The above illustration, we may add, is from a photograph by Mrs. Malby, who also took that of the beautiful Chilean flower, "Glory of the Sun," given on page 1031. South Africa, of course, is famous for a luxuriant flora of its own, of which many illustrations in colour have appeared in our pages. In our issue of May 24, for example, were cretonne designs from South African flowers, birds, and butterflies.

THE HARD ROAD TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP: "BOBBY" JONES—AND OTHERS.



ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATORS OF THE HARD-WON AMERICAN GOLF VICTORY AT ST. ANDREWS: THE CROWD KEPT IN CHECK BY STEWARDS DURING THE FINAL OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE HERO OF A GREAT THROG OF UNGRUDGING GOLF ENTHUSIASTS AT ST. ANDREWS: "BOBBY" JONES WITH THE POLICEMEN WHO WERE CALLED FOR TO ESCORT HIM THROUGH HIS ADMIRERS.



THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE AMERICAN'S GOLFING "MACHINE": S. ROPER (RIGHT) AWAITING THE WORD TO PLAY OFF WITH JONES (LEFT).



WITH THE TROPHY HE TREASURES MOST: "BOBBY" JONES, THE AMERICAN WINNER OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



AFTER THE LAST OF HIS SPECTACULAR AND HARD-WON TRIUMPHS: THE VICTOR (JONES) SHAKING HANDS WITH ROGER WETHERED (RIGHT).



VANQUISHED BY JONES: CYRIL TOLLEY, WHO WAS STYMIED AT THE NINETEENTH HOLE.



AN AMERICAN WHO GAVE JONES ONE OF HIS NARROWEST VICTORIES: HARRISON JOHNSTON.



A DRAMATIC MOMENT AT ST. ANDREWS BEFORE AN UNPRECEDENTED CROWD: "BOBBY" JONES HOLDING HIS PITCH OUT OF THE FAMOUS "COTTAGE BUNKER" FOR A TWO.



THE BEGINNING OF A DRAMATIC AND HARD-FOUGHT DUEL—WON BY JONES BY ONE STROKE AT THE NINETEENTH: GEORGE VOIGT (U.S.A.) WATCHED BY JONES (IN LIGHT PLUS FOURS, CENTRE BACK) AS HE DROVE OFF FROM THE FIRST TEE IN THE SEMI-FINALS

The unprecedented crowds of spectators who assembled to watch the progress of the British Amateur Golf Championship, which finished at St. Andrews on May 31 with the triumph of R. T. Jones (Atlanta, Georgia), the American, were not disappointed by this idol of the golfing world on both sides of the Atlantic. "Bobby" Jones in a series of spectacular contests showed a dogged accuracy of play which only wavered at one or two dramatic junctures—when occasional errors committed by him only heightened the tension and the general excitement; or when he gave them samples of something even more dramatic—strokes of

demonic skill which drew a gasp of astonishment from even the most untutored layman among the spectators. He said afterwards that he had never had to work so hard for a championship, and that he valued this success above all others. In the second round (his first match) Jones beat S. Roper (Woolaton Park) by 3 and 2; in the fourth he beat Cyril Tolley at the nineteenth hole; in the sixth, Harrison Johnston, U.S.A., by one stroke; and in the eighth and semi-final round, Voigt (U.S.A.) by one stroke. In the final contest Jones rounded off his long uphill struggle by a victory over Wethered by seven up and six to play.

EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PAGE OF RECENT HAPPENINGS.



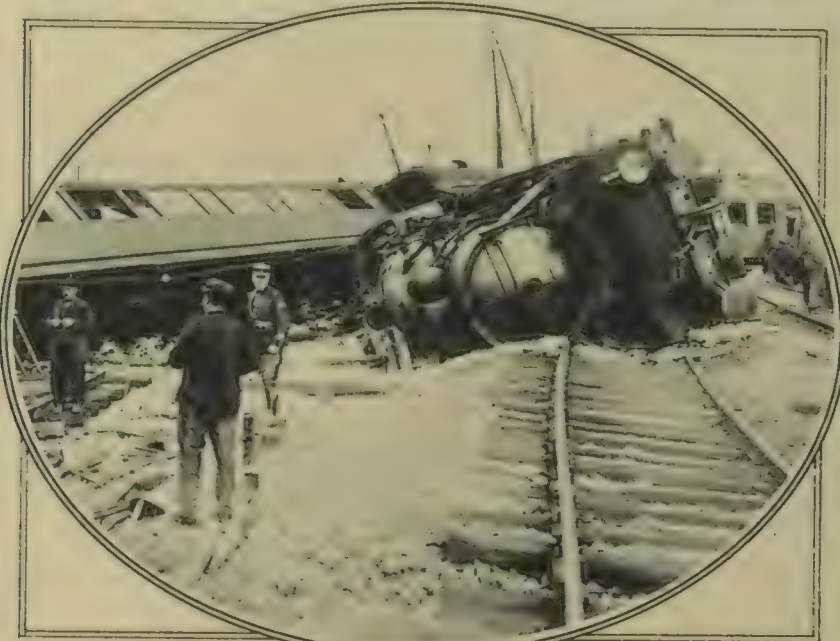
THE ANGLO-AMERICAN "DOOR OF UNITY" CEREMONY AT PLYMOUTH: THE BISHOP OF EXETER (LORD WILLIAM CECIL) DEDICATING THE MEMORIAL.

The "Door of Unity," reconstructed as a symbol of Anglo-American friendship, in old Prysten House, Plymouth, was opened on May 30, when there was also dedicated a memorial slab, beside it, to two American officers killed in an action, in 1812, between the American brig "Argus" and the British brig "Pelican." They were buried in an adjoining churchyard. The original gravestone is embodied in the memorial, set up by the United States Daughters of 1812.



THE FUNERAL OF ARCHBISHOP DAVIDSON AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE COFFIN (FOLLOWED BY LADY DAVIDSON) ON ITS WAY TO THE CLOISTER GARTH.

The first part of the funeral service for the late Archbishop Lord Davidson was held on May 29 in Westminster Abbey, and the same night the hearse containing his body arrived at Canterbury Cathedral, where vigil was kept beside it during the night. On the following day the final part of the service took place in the Cathedral, and the great Archbishop was buried in the Cloister Garth. Our photograph shows the procession to the grave.



WITH ITS METAL ROOF CRUMPLED: A TELESCOPED COACH OF THE WRECKED EXPRESS AT MONTEBEAU, AFTER THE DISASTER IN WHICH SEVEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED. people were killed (all in this coach), and some thirty others were injured, including three Englishwomen. An official inquiry resulted in the belief that the trolley must have been placed on the track deliberately, as another train had safely passed over that section ten minutes before the accident.

A FRENCH RAILWAY DISASTER ATTRIBUTED TO FOUL PLAY: THE OVERTURNED ENGINE AND WRECKED CARRIAGES OF THE RIVIERA EXPRESS DERAILED AT MONTEBEAU.

The Paris-Marseilles-Nice express, which left Paris at 9.20 p.m. on May 31, was derailed at about 10.30 p.m., near MontebEAU, by an inspection-trolley left on the track. The engine, with its tender, the luggage-van, and the four leading coaches, left the rails, and the engine travelled nearly 100 yards before overturning on its side, with the luggage-van and the leading coach, which was telescoped almost beyond recognition. Seven

(Continued on right.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES (RAISING HIS HAT) GREETED BY SCHOOLCHILDREN ON HIS ARRIVAL AT TORBAY HOSPITAL, TORQUAY: A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT OF HIS TOUR IN THE WEST.

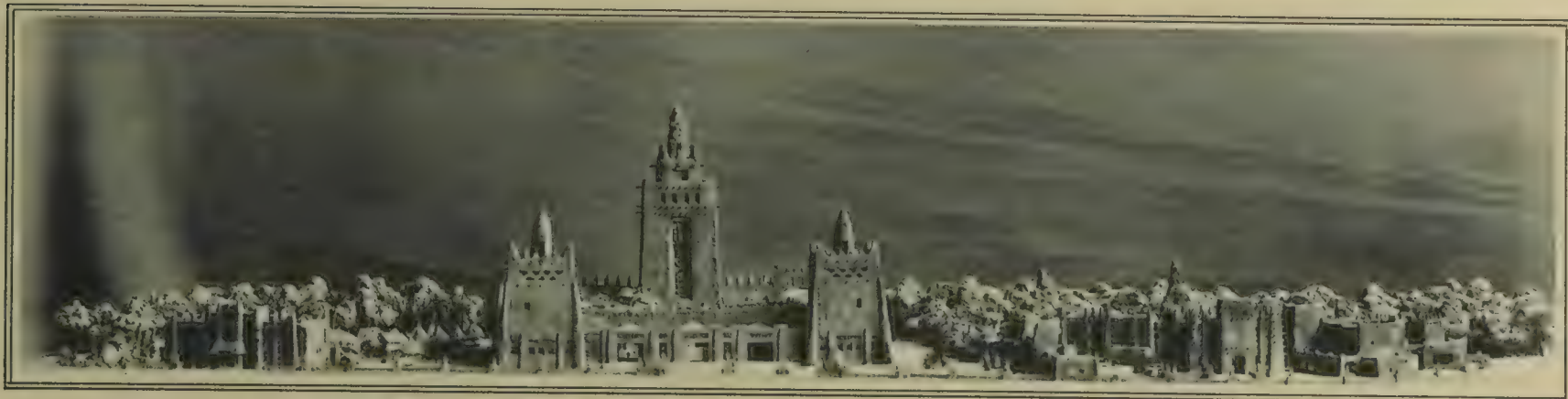
The Prince of Wales recently toured his Duchy of Cornwall, and spent three busy days in the West of England, travelling mostly by air. On May 28 he flew in his Moth aeroplane to the aerodrome near Okehampton, and thence drove to Fernworthy Farm and the new Torquay water-works. Later he went by car to Princetown, and after a visit to his home farm at Stoke



THE PRINCE (SEATED IN HIS AEROPLANE) TALKING TO HIS PILOT, SQUADRON-LEADER DON, AT HALDON AERODROME, NEAR TEIGNMOUTH.

Climsland, in Cornwall, flew to Padstow. Next day he flew to Haldon Aerodrome, near Teignmouth, and thence motored to Torquay, where he visited the Torbay Hospital and the Bath and West Agricultural Show, at which he was exhibiting cattle. Later, he went down a Cornish tin-mine, flew to Newquay, drove back to Padstow, and returned thence by air to London.

WEST AFRICA; THE HIGH SEAS; CALIFORNIA: AN INTERESTING TRIO.



PREPARATIONS FOR A PERMANENT FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION IN THE

This year the French are celebrating with much pride and a good deal of pomp and circumstance the centenary of their occupation of Algiers; but Algeria is by no means alone in the minds of those to whom Colonies and Dependencies are very dear. Witness this photograph, which shows, in its model form, a West African village which is to be one of the sights of a permanent French

BOIS DE VINCENNES, PARIS: THE MODEL FOR A WEST AFRICAN VILLAGE.

Colonial Exhibition, and will be, it should be added, but one of a series of villages designed to show not only the architecture of the various natives who are under French rule, but the daily life of those natives, their domestic surroundings, their customs, and so forth. The Exhibition in question will be opened in May of next year, in the Bois de Vincennes.



BRITAIN'S BIGGEST MOTOR-SHIP—BUT NOT A SPEED-RIVAL TO THE "MAURETANIA," THE "EUROPA," OR THE "BREMEN": THE WHITE STAR LINER "BRITANNIC" (27,000 TONS) LEAVING BELFAST IN CHARGE OF TUGS FOR TRIALS.

The "Britannic" was launched on August 6 of last year, and she is our largest motor-ship—27,000 tons gross, with a length of 680 feet, a breadth of 82 feet, and a depth of 43.9 feet. Her twin engines (Diesel) will consume eighty tons of fuel oil a day, turning each propeller 140,000 times. As a correspondent of the "Observer" pointed out recently, "the size of each engine may be realised from the fact that twelve of the biggest cars built could be parked on the floor space occupied by each bed-plate, and, further, that by simply removing an exhaust or inlet

valve, an engineer can climb bodily inside the cylinder for inspection purposes." The same writer notes: "The hope that appears to be entertained in some quarters that the 'Britannic' may regain the Blue Riband of the Atlantic for British shipping is vain. The 'Britannic' has not been designed for speed, and, while she will be in many ways a most remarkable ship, it is altogether out of the question that she can attain speeds approaching those of the 'Mauretania' or the new German vessels." Her engines, in fact, will give a speed of some nineteen knots.



THE VALLEY LIGHTS: A REMARKABLE NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM MOUNT WILSON, CALIFORNIA; SHOWING THE "TRIANGLE" IN WHICH NEARLY HALF THE POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA LIVES.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "A night photograph of the Valley Lights as seen from Mount Wilson, California, at an elevation of 6000 feet. The picture includes a land area, in the shape of a triangle, forty miles on each side. Within this triangle lives nearly one-half of the population of the State of California. At the base of the mountain is Pasadena. Just above is Los Angeles, stretching out to the right into Hollywood and Beverly Hills. At the middle-

left margin are the beach towns of Long Beach and San Pedro; at the right margin are Venice and Santa Monica. Along the horizon at the left is Catalina Island, twenty-five miles off the mainland, with lights of Avalon, seventy miles from where the camera stood, showing dimly near the left end of the island." He adds, as a point of technical interest, that the photograph required an exposure of two-and-a-half hours, starting just at dusk.

THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE: PERSONALITIES; AND OPENING EVENTS.



THE HON. THEODORE FINK.
Leader of the Australian delegation. Chairman of Directors of the "Melbourne Herald" and "Weekly Times." Chairman of the Australian section of the Empire Press Union.



MR. JOHN EDWARD HEALY, M.A.
Editor of the "Irish Times" since 1907. Formerly on the staff of the "Dublin Daily Express." Graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, 1896.



MR. HERBERT G. DE LISSER, C.M.G.
Chairman of the British West Indies section of the Empire Press Union. Editor of the "Daily Gleaner," Kingston, Jamaica.



MR. THOMAS WILLIAM MACKENZIE.
Chairman of the South African section of the Empire Press Union. Editor of "The Friend," Bloemfontein, and managing-director of allied newspapers.



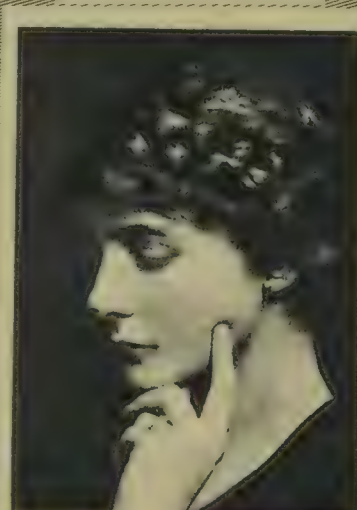
LT.-COL. JAMES HOSSACK WOODS.
Chairman of the Canadian section of the Empire Press Union. Editor and managing-director of the "Calgary Daily Herald." Born at Quebec.



MISS KENNETH M. HAIG.
One of three women delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, as a member of the Canadian delegation, and representing Canadian women journalists. Has been on the staff of the "Manitoba Free Press" since 1910. Was the President of the Canadian Women's Press Club from 1923 to 1926. Was born on a prairie farm at Alexander, 150 miles west of Winnipeg. Graduated at the University of Manitoba.



THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FOURTH IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE, AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: THE CHAIRMAN, MAJOR THE HON. J. J. ASTOR, M.P. (STANDING AT THE TABLE IN RIGHT BACKGROUND), OPENING THE PROCEEDINGS.



MRS. G. H. BELL, O.B.E.
Writes under the pen-name of John Travers. Author of many novels, including "The Foreigner," "Safe Conduct," and "Jean, a Halo and Some Circles." Edited "Comrades-in-Arms," a text-book used in the Indian schools. Represents in London the "Fauji Akhbar" (Simla), the Army newspaper of India, published in English and several Indian languages. The only woman to have lectured at the Staff College at Quetta, and to have given an address at the India Office.



THE DINNER AT THE GUILDHALL TO OVERSEA DELEGATES OF THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE: PART OF THE COMPANY, INCLUDING THE LORD MAYOR AND MAJOR ASTOR (CENTRE BACK-GROUND, FIFTH FROM LEFT AT THE HIGH TABLE).



ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE: MAJOR THE HON. J. J. ASTOR, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE EMPIRE PRESS UNION.

The fourth Imperial Press Conference held a preliminary session at Grosvenor House, on June 2, when Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P., was elected President, and Lieut.-Col. J. H. Woods, Chairman of the Canadian delegation, undertook to act as deputy president if required. In the evening the overseas delegates were received by the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall, and were entertained there at a dinner given by the Press of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Major Astor, who was in the chair, recalled that twenty-one years had elapsed since the first Imperial Press Conference—a period that had seen

vast changes in the Empire and the world. "The delegations (he said) are to a great extent the sponsors and guardians of public thought in the Dominions and Colonies from which they come." The object of the Conference is to bring together the directing heads of newspapers and periodicals throughout the Empire, to discuss the common interests of the Press and its power to promote the political, economic, and social well-being of the Empire as a whole and its component nations. That the Conference is regarded as an important Imperial event is shown by the fact that, among those who will address it, are the Prime Minister (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald) and the leaders of the Conservative and Liberal Parties.

THE AGA KHAN'S FIRST DERBY: A RACING OWNER'S GREAT MOMENT.

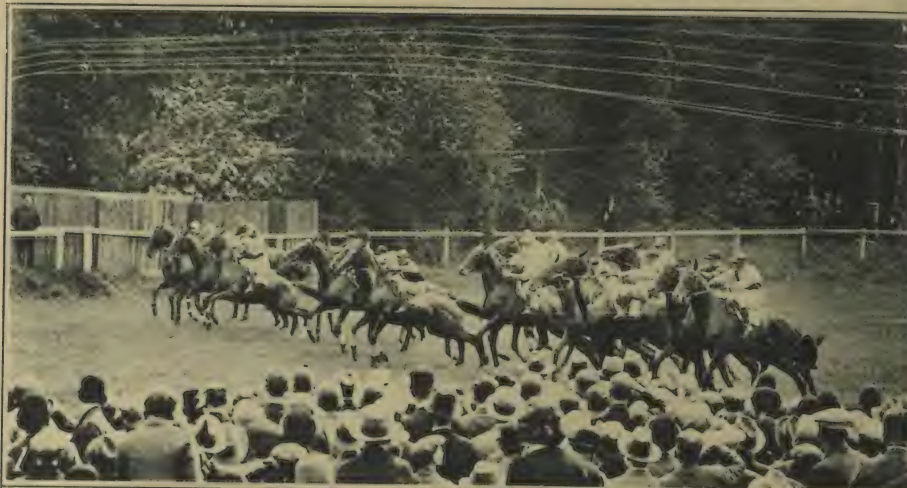


LEADING-IN THE WINNER: THE AGA KHAN WITH HIS HORSE, BLENHEIM (H. WRAGG UP), AFTER THE RACE.

The Derby of 1930 provided, as usual, some surprises, including the defeat of the favourite. The winner, Blenheim, owned by the Aga Khan, was his owner's "second string" for the race, having been recently considered inferior to his stable companion, Rustom Pasha, which failed to secure a place. This was the Aga Khan's first victory in the Derby, though he had previously won two other classic races—the Two Thousand Guineas with Diophon (sire of Diolite), and the St. Leger with Salmon Trout, both in 1924. He is one of the biggest owners of bloodstock in England as well as on the Continent, and he races extensively in France. He married last year, and his wife was recently presented at Court. Blenheim's jockey, H. Wragg, has now ridden two Derby winners, for he was

successful on Felstead in 1928. It is noteworthy that Blenheim's trainer, Mr. R. Dawson, also trained last year's winner, Trigo, and that Blenheim and Trigo had the same sire, namely, Blandford. Blenheim's dam was Malva, while that of Trigo was Athasi. A remarkable coincidence this year was the fact that the Duke of Marlborough, whose family seat is Blenheim, near Woodstock, drew Blenheim in a sweepstake at the Carlton Club. The finish of the Derby this year was one of the best on record. Blenheim won by one length, and the second horse, Mr. S. Tattersall's Iliad (R. Jones up), was two lengths ahead of Sir Hugo Hirst's Diolite (C. Ray up), which started favourite. Major J. S. Courtauld's Silver Flare (C. Elliott up) came in fourth.

FROM START TO FINISH: THE DERBY OF 1930—THE 147TH "RENEWAL" OF THE WORLD'S PREMIER RACE.



1. THE SMALLEST "FIELD" IN THE DERBY FOR ELEVEN YEARS: THE START OF THE RACE, AT EPSOM ON JUNE 4, WITH ONLY EIGHTEEN RUNNERS.
2. "JOCKEYING FOR POSITION" ON THE RAILS ABOUT HALF A MILE FROM THE START: AN INTERESTING MOMENT DURING THE RACE OVER A COURSE OF 1 MILE 4 FURLONGS.



3. THE POSITION AT TATTENHAM CORNER: DIOLITE (THE FAVOURITE, WHICH FINISHED THIRD) AND RUSTOM PASHA (THE AGA KHAN'S "FIRST STRING," UNPLACED) TOGETHER IN THE LEAD, WITH ILIAD (SECOND AT THE FINISH) RUNNING THIRD.
4. THE FINISH: THE AGA KHAN'S BLENHEIM (H. WRAGG UP) PASSING THE POST A LENGTH AHEAD OF MR. S. TATTENSALL'S ILIAD (R. JONES UP), WITH SIR HUGO HIRST'S DIOLITE (C. RAY UP) THIRD, TWO LENGTHS BEHIND ILIAD.

The 147th renewal of the Derby Stakes, was run at Epsom on June 4. The King and Queen were present, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester. The number of starters—only eighteen—was the smallest since 1919, when Grand Parade won, and during the weeks preceding the event there had been a notable absence of scares and sensations. The distance of the Derby course is now exactly 1 mile 4 furlongs, having been shortened 29 yards by the rounding off of Tattenham Corner. It has been described as the greatest test of a thoroughbred in the world. An interesting account of a modern Derby Day, as compared with the past, may be found in Mr. Alan Macey's book, "The Romance of the Derby Stakes," reviewed on page 1040 of this number. A century ago (we read), when Priam won the race, there would probably not be as many tens present on the Epsom Downs as there are hundreds to-day. No means of conveying thither such crowds as now witness the race were available on the day of Priam's victory. . . . The popularity of

the Derby as a public spectacle was of slow growth. Not until many years after the race had been established (in 1780) did as many as twenty thousand persons assemble on the Downs. Now five times that number gather together to "see the Derby," and it is regularly attended by royalty. In the year of Little Wonder's victory, 1840, the Derby was witnessed by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and from that year the annual attendance began to be largely augmented. . . . The Derby is now the greatest event in the racing world. . . . As the time for the race draws nigh a hush falls on the assembled multitude—the mighty dynamo has eased a little, but the tenseness is still there. The horses line up. The silence becomes more intense. Then—"They're off!" Nat Gould's novels come to life. Suddenly the uncanny silence is broken. The race is over—lost and won. From the winning-post comes a rumbling, which swells into a terrific cheering. With growing intensity the multitude finds its voice, and pandemonium is let loose. Another Derby is over."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THOUGH I always try to impart a topical touch, where possible, to these ephemeral notes on the passing book-show, it is but seldom that I can absolutely wallow in topicality, as I am about to do on this occasion, like a frisky rhinoceros in a mud-bath. As a rule, there is "never the time and the place" and the right book altogether, but now comes a glorious opportunity too good to be lost. It takes the form of a work inscribed "THE ROMANCE OF THE DERBY STAKES." By Alan Macey. With Frontispiece and twenty-three other Illustrations (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). Unfortunately, the author omitted to name the winner of the Derby in the year 1930!

Right at the start I find a little discrepancy which appears to suggest that author and publishers, so to speak, backed different horses in the Book-Selling Plate.



"THE RACE FOR THE DERBY STAKES OF 1792": A PAINTING BY J. HERRING.

The Derby of 1792 was won by Lord Grosvenor's John Bull, ridden by Buckle. Lord Grosvenor also won the Derby in 1790 and 1794.

Writers (including reviewers) are well known to be diffident folk addicted to self-depreciation. They resemble the Rev. Clayton Hooper—

... disinclined
His trumpet to be blowing.

Publishers, on the other hand, are never lacking in manly self-confidence. They are incurable optimists—not to say idealists; sanguine souls for whom every goose is a swan and every lass a queen. Occasionally their enthusiasm impels them to administer a corrective to the excessive modesty of their authors. Something of this kind seems to have happened to Mr. Macey. On the jacket (orange, green, and black) I find his book described as "A complete history of the great Epsom race," and again as "an entire history." Turning to the first sentence in the author's preface, I read: "In compiling this volume it has not been my intention to attempt to write a complete detailed history of the Epsom Classic. To do so adequately would require many volumes much larger than the present."

I have no desire to accuse anyone of undue exaggeration. Mr. Macey's insertion of the word "detailed" may be taken to establish a subtle distinction between the two definitions, and I am in agreement with the jacket version to this extent—that the book amounts to a popular history quite as full as the average reader wants. There is another objection, however, to calling it a "history," complete or otherwise, for that word suggests a narrative following strictly a single chronological order of events; whereas Mr. Macey, though keeping in the main to the sequence of time, has adopted for his chapters a subject classification, within which dates jump about with astonishing agility. These chronological somersaults are apt to occur especially in such chapters as those entitled, severally, "Some Lucky Owners," "Some Owners from Abroad," "Some Derby 'Outsiders,'" "Some Derby Jockeys," and "Some Famous Finishes," each of which may jerk the reader back again to early days.

There is a pitfall in the system of subject classification which Mr. Macey has not succeeded in avoiding, if he ever meant to, and that is—repetition. In different chapters, for example, we get different accounts of Queen Victoria's visit to Epsom for the Derby in 1840—all very interesting, but more coherent if they had been combined. This is not an isolated instance, but quite typical of the book's disjointed arrangement. All through I constantly found the same facts restated, or the same persons reappearing. I may be wrong, but I seem to detect at times the gentle "clip-clip" of scissors and a faint aroma of paste.

In the chapter on Fred Archer, "a Prince of Jockeys," to whose suicide, by the way, there are sporadic references elsewhere, there seems to be a confusion of dates which are difficult to reconcile. "In the last year of Archer's life—1886—(we read) he won the Derby and the St. Leger on the 'mighty Ormonde.'" A few lines later it is stated: "In October, 1880, came days of wasting to ride St. Mirin in the Cambridgeshire at 8 st. 6 lb. . . . Archer was just beaten by a head. . . . On the Friday Archer rode the last winner—Lord Falmouth's Blanchland in the Houghton

Stakes. It was also his own last winning mount. He missed Lincoln, but went to Brighton on Wednesday and Thursday without riding a winner, and on the first day of the Lewes Meeting he finished by riding Tommy Tittlemouse, who started at odds-on, in the Castle Plate, but finished unplaced. This was his last mount, for he gradually got worse, having caught a chill, and decided to return home. On Saturday, November 6th, 1888, Dr. Latham of Cambridge issued a bulletin. 'Falmouth House (Newmarket), November 6th, 1888, 6 p.m. Mr. Archer has returned home suffering from the effects of a severe chill, followed by high fever.' . . . On Monday he appeared to be very much better, and there was every indication that he would recover. But on that Monday, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in a momentary fit of depression, Fred Archer shot himself with a six-chambered revolver. . . . Archer lies buried in the beautiful cemetery at Newmarket, within sight of the winning-post of the old Cambridgeshire course."

It is a pity that, in such an important biographical passage, the year of Archer's death should be stated in three variants. On reference to the Dictionary of National Biography I find the date of his suicide given as 8th Nov. 1886. Archer's record of five Derby victories, it may be recalled, has been beaten in our own day by Steve Donoghue, who has won the race six times, including two years during the war, when it was run at Newmarket.

In drawing attention to the above points, I should not like to appear ungrateful or

disparaging towards a book which I have read with much enjoyment. After all, what do a few discrepancies matter among enthusiasts talking over old times? And when I foregather with my horsey acquaintances, we shall not bother if the same story is told more than once. Mr. Macey, in fact, has given us a book of delightful racing gossip, both of bygone days and the present, and it would be unreasonable to take it as seriously as—say—a volume of the Cambridge Modern History. "It has rather been my aim," says the author himself, "to endeavour to write in popular fashion of the romantic side of the great race, and to give to those who are not intimately acquainted with its history some notion of its development since the very humble beginning in 1780 to its tremendous popularity to-day."

Anecdotes, of course, are a great standby in a work of this type, and in this respect Mr. Macey's pages are particularly rich. Of the 1870 Derby we read: "Among the distinguished company who witnessed Kingcraft's victory was Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister. He was piloted by Lord Granville, leader of his party in the House of Lords. The Premier's visit created quite a mild sensation and was the occasion of an amusing incident, for, when Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville went to the paddock to watch the candidates being saddled for the great race, they were unable to produce tickets entitling them to admission, and, despite all expostulation, the gate-keeper firmly refused to allow them to pass." I should have been interested to hear what Mr. Gladstone said in 1870!

Another story, which also has a slightly political flavour, at least in its conclusion, concerns King Edward's victory in the Derby of 1909 with Minoru, "the first and only occasion on which the great Epsom Classic was won by the reigning monarch." Here Mr. Macey rises to the height of his great argument. "For a quarter of an hour after His Majesty's horse had squeezed past the post, the winner by a short head of a most thrilling race, the scene on Epsom Downs was indescribable. Men and women for the time being lost all sense of decorum.

When His Majesty, accompanied by members of his suite, went on to the course to lead his horse back to the weighing-room door, he was surrounded by an exuberant mob of lieges who defined (sic) the efforts of the police to keep them at a distance. More than one enthusiast patted His Majesty on the back, and, it is said, one Tory plebeian got near enough to shout into the King's ear, 'Now you've won the Derby, go home, your Majesty, and sack the Government!'"

Celebrities of the Turf, past and present, throng Mr. Macey's entertaining pages in an endless procession. Among countless others are Sir Charles Bunbury (owner of Diomed, the first Derby winner, and a pall-bearer at Dr. Johnson's funeral), whose memory is preserved by the Bunbury Mile at Newmarket; the Duke of Grafton, the Marquess of Hastings, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Lord George Bentinck, the first Duke of Westminster (owner of Bend Or); and Mr. James Merry, the Ayrshire ironmaster dubbed by Disraeli "the Member for Thormanby" (the name of his horse that won the Derby of 1860 and brought him nearly £100,000). In actual politics, Mr. Merry was (in 1859) M.P. for the Falkirk Burghs, but he is described as "singularly ill-informed" on all subjects except race-horses. "On one occasion (it is recorded), when being 'heckled' on the hustings on his opinions concerning the vexed questions of Church Rates, the Law of Hypothec, and other abstruse matters, a voice exclaimed, 'And hoo about the Decalogue, mon?' Mr. Merry looked perplexed for a moment, the word being quite unfamiliar to him, but, supposing it to be one of the questions concerning which he had been duly instructed what to say, he avowed, in his broad Lowland accent, 'I'm for abolishin' them all.'"

No slight element in the romance of the Derby is provided by the criminal classes. In his chapter called "Nobbling the Favourite," Mr. Macey tells of horses being poisoned or otherwise tampered with before the race, and of the frustration of such attempts. Another, but less frequent, form of criminality has been the impersonation of one horse by another. The most famous example is recorded in an earlier chapter—"A Scandal of the Turf"—describing how the horse that came in first in 1844, as Running Rein, was proved to be a four-year-old named Maccabæus. Had not the trick been discovered, the culprits would have cleared over £50,000.

A prominent part in exposing this fraud was taken by Lord George Bentinck, and the account of his investigations reads like a story about Inspector French or Dr. Thorndike. "Lord George (we read) had received information that the horse's legs were dyed, and he accordingly set to work to discover where the mixture had been bought. With an instinct worthy of the detective of fiction, he concluded that Goodman had bought the stuff at a shop he would pass when proceeding from his home in Foley Place to one of his favourite resorts." Lord George accordingly visited all the chemists' shops in Regent Street, but without success. He then turned his attention to the hairdressers' establishments." At one of these he at last found the evidence he wanted.



FOUNDER OF THE DERBY STAKES (IN 1780): EDWARD SMITH STANLEY, TWELFTH EARL OF DERBY.

"The Derby of 1924 (won by the present Lord Derby's Sansovino) is memorable as being the only occasion since 1787, when the twelfth Earl of Derby, the founder of the race, won with his horse, Sir Peter Teazle, that a member of the House of Stanley has carried off the premier event of the British Turf."

The Illustrations on this page are reproduced from "The Romance of the Derby Stakes," by Alan Macey. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson.

scription of the draw for the Calcutta "sweep." Finally, there are some useful appendices, including a complete list of Derby winners, with owners and jockeys; but dates are lacking in an appended list of horses placed second and third.

C. E. B.

ON THE FLIGHT THAT WON HER THE C.B.E.: MISS AMY JOHNSON.



SHOWING THE "JASON" AFTER IT HAD BEEN DAMAGED AT INSEIN, NEAR RANGOON: MISS AMY JOHNSON AFTER THE MISHAP WHICH MADE IT PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO BEAT THE HINKLER RECORD.



AFTER THE MISHAP AT INSEIN: THE DAMAGED RIGHT WING OF MISS JOHNSON'S AEROPLANE, THE "JASON," TO WHICH IT WAS NECESSARY TO FIT A NEW SECTION A YARD WIDE—REPAIRS WHICH CAUSED VERY SERIOUS DELAY.



AT CALCUTTA, WHICH SHE LEFT INTENDING TO FLY DIRECT TO RANGOON, ONLY TO LAND AT INSEIN AND DAMAGE HER AEROPLANE: MISS JOHNSON AT THE DUM AERODROME, WHERE THE ENGINE OF HER MACHINE WAS CLEANED.



READING CABLES OF CONGRATULATION AFTER LANDING IN CALCUTTA AFTER SHE HAD BEATEN THE HINKLER LONDON-TO-KARACHI RECORD: MISS AMY JOHNSON IN THE DUM AERODROME.

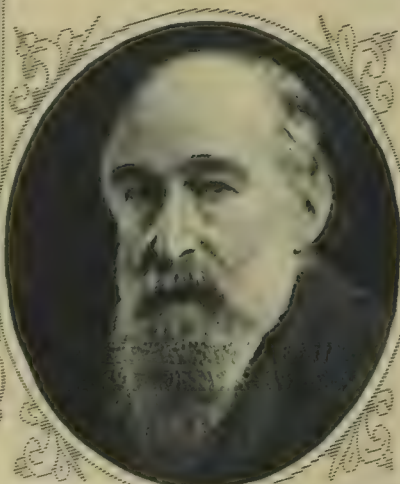
Our readers may be reminded that Miss Amy Johnson, who figured in the King's Birthday Honours List as a C.B.E. (Commander of the Order of the British Empire), "in recognition of her outstanding flight to Australia," left Croydon for that flight shortly after 8 a.m. on Monday, May 5, in her Moth aeroplane, "Jason." She reached Karachi on the sixth day. There she was given a reception for the first time during her enterprise, and she stayed at Government House as the guest of the Commissioner of Sind. Her next stage was from Karachi to Allahabad,

and thence she went to Calcutta, where she arrived at six o'clock on the evening of May 12. She intended to fly direct from Calcutta to Rangoon, but by mistake she landed at Insein, ten miles to the north, and damaged her machine, which ran into a ditch. This delayed her, and she had to remain at Insein so long that it became practically impossible for her to beat the Hinkler London-Australia record. She left Rangoon on May 16. The rest is history, and need not be detailed here.

**"WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH
TO HONOUR":
IN THE BIRTHDAY LIST.**



PROFESSOR G. M. TREVELYAN, C.B.E.
(Order of Merit.)



DR. SAMUEL ALEXANDER, LITT.D.
(Order of Merit.)



DR. M. R. JAMES, LITT.D., LL.D.
(Order of Merit.)



MR. FREDERICK H. ROYCE, O.B.E.
(Baronet.)



MISS
MARGARET
McMILLAN,
C.B.E.
(Companion of
Honour.)



MR. PERCY
W. EVERETT,
M.A.
(Knight.)



MR. HENRY A.
LYTTON.
(Knight.)



MR. FRANCIS
W. GOOD-
ENOUGH.
(Knight.)



THE RT. HON. NOEL EDWARD BUXTON,
MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.
(Baron.)

Professor George Macaulay Trevelyan is Regius Professor of Modern History, Cambridge University. Dr. Samuel Alexander is the eminent philosopher. Dr. Montague R. James, Provost of Eton since 1918, receives his honour for his eminent contributions to mediæval learning. Mr. Frederick Royce is director and chief engineer of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., which he founded with the Hon. C. S. Rolls. Miss McMillan is recognised for her services to the Nursery School movement. Mr. Henry A. Lytton is the well-known player in Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Mr. Percy Winn Everett has done yeoman service in connection with the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides. He is joint managing-director of

[Continued opposite.]

C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. Mr. Francis Goodenough is the Controller of Gas Sales to the Gas Light and Coke Co., and Chairman of the Government Committee on Education for Salesmanship. Mr. Henry Sanderson Furniss, who becomes a Baron for his services to education, has been blind from birth. In 1918, he was Labour candidate for Oxford University. In 1907, he was lecturer and tutor in economics at Ruskin College. Dr. Arthur S. Eddington is Plumian Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge University. Mr. Gillies is the distinguished plastic surgeon. Professor Thomson is Regius Professor of Natural History, Aberdeen University. Professor Leonard Hill is Director, Dept. Applied Physiology, Nat. Inst. of Medical Research.



PROFESSOR A. S. EDDINGTON.
(Knight.)



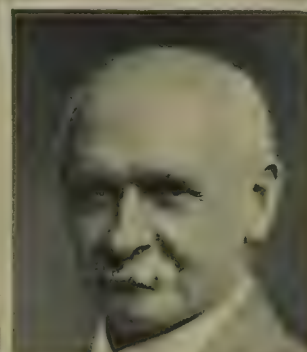
MR. H. D. GILLIES, C.B., F.R.C.S.
(Knight.)



MR. HENRY SANDERSON FURNISS, PRINCIPAL
OF RUSKIN COLLEGE, OXFORD, 1916-25.
(Baron.)



PROFESSOR J. A. THOMSON.
(Knight.)



PROFESSOR LEONARD HILL.
(Knight.)



THE RT. HON. SIR ESME HOWARD, LATELY
BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.
(Baron.)

THE KING ON HIS 65TH BIRTHDAY: AFTER TROOPING THE COLOUR.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING, WITH THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, ON THE BALCONY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE SCENE AS THE PRINCE OF WALES, TOOK THE FINAL SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST.

The King was sixty-five on Tuesday, June 3, and, as is customary, the official Birthday celebrations began with the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade. His Majesty did not attend this, in view of his recent attack of rheumatism, as it was not deemed advisable that he should remain on horseback for any considerable time. Field-Marshal the Duke of Connaught was to have taken his place, but, on medical advice, he decided not to undertake the strain. As a consequence, the Prince of Wales acted for his father. This, however, did not prevent the King witnessing some, at least, of the ceremonial.

From the balcony of Buckingham Palace, accompanied by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, he saw the "King's Procession" ride along the Mall to the Parade Ground, headed by the Prince; and, later, after the Trooping, he watched his eldest son take the final salute in front of the main gates to the Palace. In the photograph his Majesty is seen with the Queen, Princess Mary, the Duchess of York, Princess Elizabeth, Lord Lascelles and his brother, Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie, the Duke of Connaught (seen behind the window), Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Princess Beatrice.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. A. F. R. WOLLASTON.
Fatally shot on June 3. Senior Tutor, King's College, Cambridge. Aged fifty-five. Member of Everest Expedition (1921); Ruwenzori Expedition (1905-7); Dutch New Guinea Expeditions, etc.



MR. DENIS B. MURPHY.
An Assistant Superintendent of Police. Killed in a riot in Gujergarhi, a village near Mardan, in the North-West Frontier Province. Was attempting to disperse the crowd.



MR. G. W. LAMBERT, A.R.A.
Has died in Sydney at the age of fifty-six. The best known Australian painter. Was Official Artist to the Australian Forces in Egypt and Palestine. Born in St. Petersburg.



MR. J. C. C. DAVIDSON, M.P.
Has retired from the position of Chairman of the Conservative Party organisation, which he had held for three years and a half. M.P. for Hemel Hempstead Division. A P.C.



COMMODORE W. MARSHALL, C.B.
Captain of the "Majestic" and Commodore of the Fleet of the White Star Line. Died on May 28, at the age of fifty-five. Commands also included "Olympic," "Megantic," and "Afric."



THE PRINCE OF WALES HOLDS THE LEVÉE OF JUNE 2 ON BEHALF OF THE KING: H.R.H. DRIVING FROM ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

By command of the King, the Levée at St. James's Palace on June 2 was held on behalf of his Majesty by the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness drove from Buckingham Palace in State, with a Captain's Escort of the Life Guards.



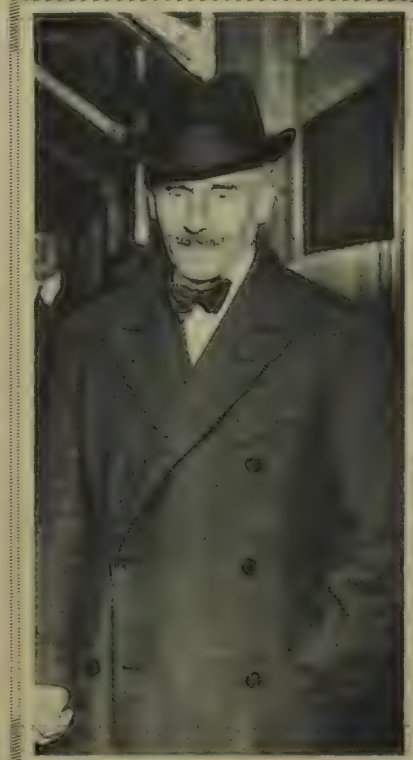
THE MEMORIAL TO GENERAL WOLFE—UNVEILED IN GREENWICH PARK ON JUNE 5: DETAIL OF THE STATUE, WHICH IS THE GIFT OF CANADA TO GREAT BRITAIN AND IS THE WORK OF MR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE. It was arranged that the statue of General Wolfe, which is a gift from Canada to this country, should be unveiled at Greenwich on June 5 by the Marquess de Montcalm, a descendant of the famous Montcalm who met his death at the storming of Quebec in 1759, acting on behalf of Canada. Wolfe's old home and his tomb are at Greenwich. The monument has been erected by the Wolfe Memorial Committee. Our readers will find it of unusual interest to compare the head of the statue as here pictured with two portraits of Wolfe to be given in our next issue—one a hitherto unpublished water-colour sketch (reproduced in colours), by J. S. C. Schaak, and the other a finished painting, based on the sketch, by the same artist. Both these portraits have only recently come to light.



THE BY-ELECTION IN CENTRAL NOTTINGHAM: MR. T. J. O'CONNOR, K.C., THE NEW MEMBER (CON.), CHEERED. Mr. T. J. O'Connor (Con.) received 14,946 votes; Mr. A. E. Waterson (Lab.), 7923; and Captain R. C. Berkeley (Lib.), 4648. This means that there was an increase of over 4000 in the Conservative majority.



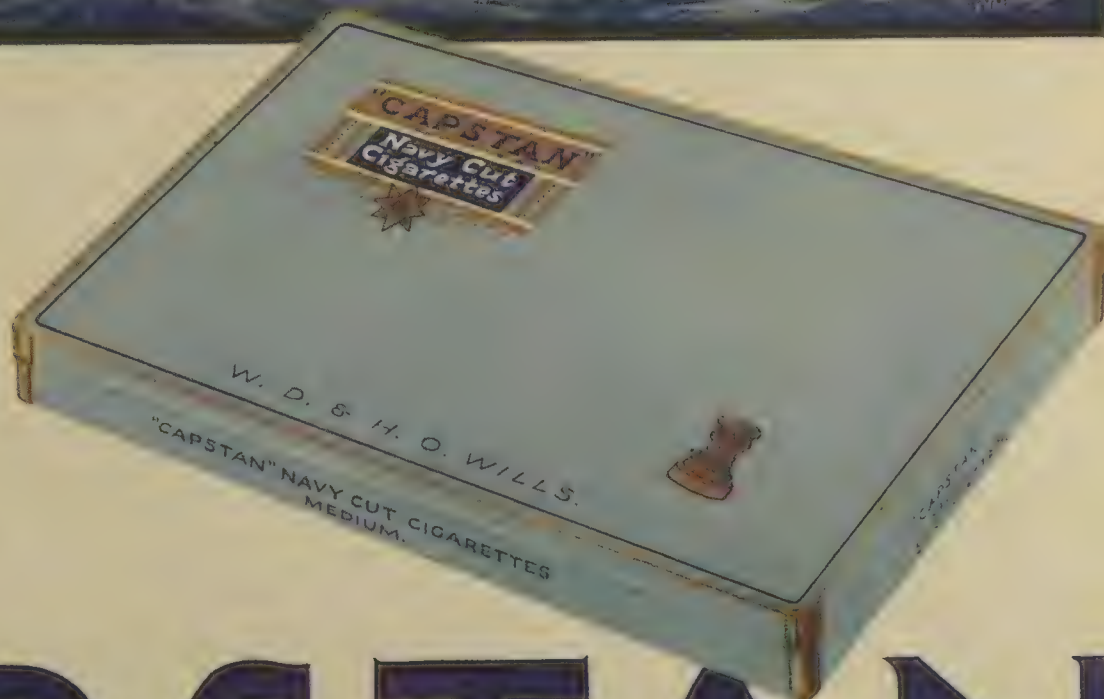
THE DERBY LUNCHEON AT THE PRESS CLUB: SIR HUGO HIRST, OWNER OF DIOLITE; MR. GEORGE LAMBTON; THE EARL OF HAREWOOD; LORD DERBY; MR. EDGAR WALLACE; LORD ZETLAND. (LEFT TO RIGHT.) At the luncheon the Press Club gave to the Jockey Club the Orleans Cup, presented by the Duke of Orleans and won by the Duke of Richmond in 1841. This Mr. Edgar Wallace was able to purchase lately after it had been in the market and had been lost sight of for a considerable time. The luncheon is now a recognised pre-Derby Day function, and among the guests are owners, trainers, and jockeys.



SIGNOR ARTURO TOSCANINI. The world-famous conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, which is giving four concerts here. The first was at the Albert Hall on June 1, and was attended by the King and Queen.



The Capstan
"Flat-Fifty"
2/6



WILLS'S

CAPSTAN
are Capital

ASHLEY

DEWAR'S

**WONDERFUL
WHISKY -**

"White Label"

ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY — "VICTORIA VAT"

THE HUNTSMEN ARE UP IN AMERICA!

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"THE WILDERNESS OF DENALI": By CHARLES SHELDON.*

(PUBLISHED BY SCRIBNER'S.)

"DENALI" is the Indian name for Mount McKinley, the highest mountain in Alaska. Into the wilderness which surrounds it came, in June 1906, Mr. Charles Sheldon, the famous American big-game hunter, explorer, and naturalist. His main object was to study the habits of the Dall, or White Sheep of Alaska (*Ovis dalli*); but he was also on the look-out for grizzly bears, moose, lynxes, wolverines—indeed, all the fauna that the locality afforded. These animals supplied him with food, sport, and study; the vegetation and the scenery refreshed his spirits. He seems to have preferred communing with Nature to the companionship of human beings. Not all, but a great part of the time he spent in Alaska he was alone. On Nov. 4—when, as his diary records, the temperature in the neighbourhood of his cabin was 29 degrees below zero—he heard a strange sound and was "surprised to see two dog teams approaching." "The delightful solitude of the wilderness I had been enjoying was thus suddenly broken; nine

he can, the use of the active voice: he never says "I" if he can help it, even when the context shows he was the agent. This avoidance of the personal pronoun would have earned the commendation of Coleridge, who complained of its too frequent appearance in Wesley's "Journal." Never was diarist so little of an egoist as Mr. Sheldon. Referring to the changes in his outfit necessitated by the oncoming of winter, he says (reminding one of an old joke in *Punch*): "For a long time I continued to wear the same clothing that had been worn since August. . . . No hat was worn either in summer or winter, but ear-tabs, made from thick socks, were secured about my head with tape, and even during the cold winds of winter no sensation of cold was experienced in my head (where the growth of hair was scant). The object of this experiment—to increase the growth of hair—was not successful. . . . Except when snowshoeing in moccasins, rubber shoe packs and three pairs of socks were worn. Late in November my

already mortally wounded. "Knowing that he was so weak he could not charge upward through the deep snow, I approached with rifle cocked and Kodak ready. When I was about fifteen feet away he suddenly began to rise, his ears laid flat, his eyes snapping viciously, his expression one of fierce rage. Karstens shouted 'Look out! Shoot!' I pressed the button, dropped the Kodak, and fired into his chest. He sank back into the snow, dead."

Though he took every possible precaution to avoid danger, Mr. Sheldon was cool enough when it came. His attitude towards hunting was as nearly scientific as it could be; but he mentions, almost in a tone of apology, that, at certain critical moments, the even tenor of his being was slightly agitated. "When one gets close to a bear and realises its activity and power, it is difficult to restrain the feeling of danger—partly, doubtless, because of impressions received in childhood. The long hair encircling the neck makes the bear look big and fierce, and



IN BROWN SUMMER COAT: A SNOWSHOE RABBIT (*LEPUS AMERICANUS MACFARLANI*) ON SAVAGE RIVER, NEAR DENALI, IN JUNE.

Photograph by J. Dixon, from the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology. Reproduced from "The Wilderness of Denali," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

active dogs were tied outside the cabin, and the joys at once disappeared. As host, it was necessary for me to provide meat for the dogs, and also at once to cook a large quantity for the men. Rice, who had not eaten fresh meat for several months, promptly consumed a whole frying-pan full, and about two hours later cooked and ate an equal amount again, and before going to bed finished a third meal."

One does not detect, in this brief account, the accents of an enthusiastic host. There is even a touch of complaint in the observation that directly the human beings arrived on the scene "the joys at once disappeared." Sheldon must have been an original character. His book is composed of extracts from his diary, which he wrote up every day, or more often, we are told, every night, after he had come in from hunting. That he was a man of phenomenal physical strength and endurance is evident from the record of his exploits. The largest kill he seemed able to carry home on his back, no matter what the distance. Fatigue seems to have been unknown to him. Once he mentions that he perspired, and once, after struggling for two hours through a torrent of snow-slush nearly up to his shoulders, that he felt cold and exhausted. But those who hope that a book written in the first person will be full of personal matter will be disappointed in "The Wilderness of Denali." Mr. Sheldon wrote freely about the emotions inspired in him by a beautiful landscape. "I had learned to love the willow," he says; "it was continuously associated with all my experiences in the North." And, again: "The white spruce would require a whole chapter to do it justice. . . . How often during the winds and the rains and the cold of winter have I felt the glow of warmth, the sense of shelter, and the congeniality of the spruces! They always invite." He took with him into winter quarters a selection of the works of the English poets, dramatists, and essayists. "I had hoped," he says, "that some of Ruskin's descriptive passages might arouse in me a deeper appreciation of landscape and sky in that magnificent country where the effects were on a scale that Ruskin had never observed. And yet, while admiring the brilliancy of his descriptions, they did not give rise to a single emotion or inspiration corresponding to my own feelings as aroused by the manifestations of Nature about me."

Certainly the study of Ruskin had little effect on Mr. Sheldon's literary style, which is careful and accurate, but sometimes inelegant and pedestrian. Possibly as a result of his instinct for self-effacement, he avoids, whenever

summer underclothing was replaced by that of heavy wool, the buckskin shirt by a thick flannel one, the trousers by woollen ones; these served well for clothing during the whole winter."

Even with his clothes, Mr. Sheldon was not on terms of intimate personal relationship. And towards the creatures that he observed and killed and cured and ate and collected he displays the same impartiality and aloofness. He must have been a marvellous shot; he hardly ever missed. Once he records that he saw "a pair of small rams so high that a bullet sent towards one failed to hit it." But this was exceptional. Generally they fell at the first shot. This deadly accuracy in Mr. Sheldon, though it confirms his reputation as hunter and marksman, makes his book a trifle monotonous. The amateur reader, having heard of the strength and fierceness of grizzly bears, longing for accounts of hair's-breadth escapes and hand-to-hand struggles, will find little of such a nature here. We are told that Mr. Sheldon risked his life a hundred times. He would never have said so himself, he was too modest; and, candidly, I think he was too efficient at his job to run so many risks. Nearly every "stalk" followed the same course. The quarry was espied a great way off. Mr. Sheldon worked his way in a leisurely fashion towards it, making

the beast itself looks formidable. And, when close, one feels that in case of a determined charge it might be impossible to stop it. However confident one might be, as I was during those moments, that the bear would try to escape, nevertheless one is keyed up to a high tension."

Whatever the state of Mr. Sheldon's mind, one gets the impression that his victims had little chance against him. No wonder he filled them with terror! The sight of him, he says, affected them less painfully than the scent. "Seeing me they (some caribou) quickly jumped up and galloped off for two hundred feet with tails down. But, a little later, when they came into my scent, their tails went up at once; they almost reared on their hind legs in terror." Poor creatures! As one reads the catalogue of Mr. Sheldon's triumphs, the ethics of big-game shooting keep troubling the mind. Many of the animals Mr. Sheldon killed he needed for food; any skin that was worth preserving he kept. In the interests of science, he conducted a post-mortem on the bodies, and tabulated the results. He certainly did not kill merely for the fun of the thing. He was neither actuated by the lust for blood nor, to any great extent, by the excitements of the chase. Times change. Though animals are animals, and one ought not to be unduly squeamish about them, one cannot help being slightly antagonised by the cold-blooded, detached way Mr. Sheldon went about the business of destruction; especially when, as often in his book, the slaughter is preceded by the description of a charming family group. "A look through the glasses gave the impression of a 'very large' bear, and a large cub was seen running about with her. . . . The cub would run at speed for some distance, stop and dig a moment, then race in another direction. Then it might run to its mother, then charge again in my direction, only to turn and speed off again. . . . It was a beautiful sight to see such a display of animal vigour enlivening the flat round the grim-looking mother. . . . I waited until she turned broadside, and fired. She rose straight up on her hind legs, clapped her paw on her chest, and turned completely around, all the time bending her head to look at the wound. The cub ran about her once or twice and stood looking at her. . . . When its mother fell it ran a little way and then back to her, showing the first sign of alarm. . . . As she tried to rise I fired again, and she dropped dead. The cub ran at full speed, but did not go more than a hundred yards before it stopped, rose on its hind legs, and looked back at its mother. . . . It was running at full speed when I fired and killed it. Neither the old bear nor the cub seemed aware of my presence; both were completely bewildered as to what was happening."

I could not help reading with satisfaction, after this, that the skins of the mother and cub proved to be full of the largest fleas the narrator had ever seen, which attacked

(Continued on page 1066.)



IN WINTER DRESS: A SNOWSHOE RABBIT (*LEPUS AMERICANUS MACFARLANI*) IN NORTHERN ALASKA IN APRIL.

Photograph by O. J. Murie, from Biological Survey. Reproduced from "The Wilderness of Denali," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE OUTWARD SIGN OF TWO CARIBOU BULLS WHO FOUGHT AND DIED HEAD TO HEAD, UNABLE TO FREE THEMSELVES FROM ONE ANOTHER: INTERLOCKED ANTLERS FOUND ON THE COSNA RIVER BY INDIANS.

"The skulls were fairly complete, the horns weather-beaten. They had evidently become locked by a rotary motion, while the bulls were fighting. Without breaking them it was impossible to pull them apart."

Photograph reproduced from "The Wilderness of Denali," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

observations of its behaviour when alone, for, in nine cases out of ten, so skilful was the hunter in his movements, the animal had no idea it was being tracked. Then, when his curiosity was satisfied, he awaited a convenient moment and then fired. Sometimes two or three shots were necessary, but generally one was enough. As a rule, the animals were killed at two or three hundred yards' range; only once did he let a bear get really close, and then it was

* "The Wilderness of Denali. Explorations of a Hunter-Naturalist in Northern Alaska." (Charles Scribner's Sons; 21s. net.)

CULTIVATING THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL: THE CHARM OF NATURE'S SUMMER DRESS.

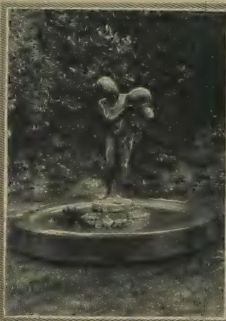
"Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made By singing 'Oh, how beautiful!' and sitting in the shade."



THE RUSTIC BEAUTY OF AN ENGLISH GARDEN: A CHARMING OLD-WORLD CORNER RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED. (James Carter and Co.)



A BATHING POOL IN THE MIDST OF A ROCK-GARDEN: A CORNER OF THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AT "THE GAZEWAY." (H. H. Gaze and Sons.)



FOR A SMALL GARDEN: A LEAD FIGURE OF "THE BOY AND GOULD," WITH A CIRCULAR BATH. (John P. White and Sons, of Bedford.)



"A GARDEN THAT IS FULL OF STATELY VIEWS": A SINK BED OF ANTIRRHINUM CONSTRUCTED FROM AN ORDINARY FIELD. (James Carter and Co.)



FOR EASE AND SHADE IN THE SUNSHINE: THE DRYAD CANE "ROBIN HOOD" CHAIR, WHICH IS VERY LIGHT, PORTABLE, AND STRONG.



A GARDEN OF RHODODENDRONS AND A DOMED TEMPLE: ANOTHER LOVELY GARDEN, RECENTLY RECONSTRUCTED BY EXPERTS. (James Carter and Co.)



A VISTA OF FLOWERING PLANTS, INCLUDING CLEMATIS, ROSES, WISTERIA, AND HONEYSUCKLE: THE SQUARE BEDS BELOW ARE FILLED WITH TULIPS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS. (James Carter and Co.)



GARDEN FURNITURE IN A DISTINCTIVE DESIGN: THEY ARE "LLOYD LOOM" CHAIRS, TABLES, AND ACCESSORIES, AND ARE LIGHT, YET SOLIDLY BUILT. OBTAINABLE AT ALL THE LEADING STORES. (Lloyd and Sons.)

THE love of a beautiful garden is inbred in every Englishman. It is not only the owner of large grounds who can enjoy the pleasures of beautiful surroundings and the perfume of flowers. Nowadays the thousands of little houses springing up everywhere round London have each its own garden which, under expert guidance, can be made as perfect as an estate under armies of gardeners. Even the familiar backyard of an old town house can be converted into a picturesque rock garden with a pool in the centre. W. H. Gaze and Sons,



A SETTEE AND GARDEN TABLE OF DRYAD CANE. THIS CANE IS SPECIALLY DURABLE AND LIGHT IN WEIGHT. THE FURNITURE IS CONSTRUCTED ON ENDURING HARDWOOD, CANE, OR MALACCA FRAMES. (Dryad Company, Leicester.)

of Kingston, are experts in creating gardens from the most unpromising material. Valuable advice on the vast and interesting subject of flower-growing can be obtained from Carters, whose famous tested seeds produce some of the loveliest blooms in the world. No problem is too great or small for their attention. The London branch is at 134, Regent Street, W., where enquiries are gladly welcomed, and advice freely given on every branch of gardening. The Specialists in garden ornaments, John P. White and Sons, have showrooms at 123, New Bond St.



A CHARMING IDEA FOR A SQUARE LONDON GARDEN: A SUNKEN POOL GUARDED BY GNOMES AND CUPIDS. (James Carter and Co.)



IN A RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED GARDEN: THE PICTURESQUE ROCK AND WATER GARDEN AT "THE GAZEWAY," KINGSTON, TO WHICH VISITORS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED. (H. H. Gaze and Sons.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: THE DARK AGES IN EUROPE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

cutting away the roots of a bush with a pocket-knife. This piece is of remarkable workmanship, for below the rim and round the lower part of the vase runs a spiral glass thread, while over this are eight "tear" lobes made in such a way that they open out into the inside of the vessel.

From the same despised gravel-pit came the buckle of Fig. 2, remarkable—this is not mentioned in the catalogue—because the portion that was fastened on the back of the belt is complete. The majority of buckles that are excavated are found without this portion. Every part is richly gilt and decorated, and set with garnets, the latter form of inlay being typical of most jewellery from Jutish areas in England (Kent and the Isle of Wight), and from Central Europe and North Italy. There are also shown brooches of silver-gilt, with borders inlaid with niello, and a central stud of garnet, shell, or glass-paste surrounded by three or four triangular garnet clerions.

Of romantic as well as artistic interest are the examples of Celtic metal-work of the eighth to tenth centuries lent by various Scandinavian museums. Here is an echo of Norse raids on Ireland when monasteries and towns were sacked, and the loot eventually buried in the raiders' graves in Norway. Irish work is unmistakable, for its native develop-

Venerable Bede, and also the late but important Book of Lismore, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was found in 1814 in a walled-up passage

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club is, in the nature of things, an institution that neither seeks nor needs publicity. Its exhibitions are staged for the benefit of its members, and outsiders are admitted only on presentation of a duly signed invitation. One feels, therefore, a certain diffidence in writing about any of its shows, which are always of absorbing interest, and invariably reinforced by a catalogue of formidable and quite inimitable erudition. The present show of Art in the Dark Ages in Europe is necessarily drawn from a wider field than many of the previous exhibitions, because there are in England very few collectors of the type of objects displayed: the supply is, in any event, limited, and the majority of the cases are filled with exhibits from public collections on the Continent. The result is a collection of pieces of the first importance, displayed to advantage, and affording a unique opportunity for the study of an extremely obscure and difficult period.

The extraordinary treasure from a Lombard chieftain's grave has already been illustrated in this

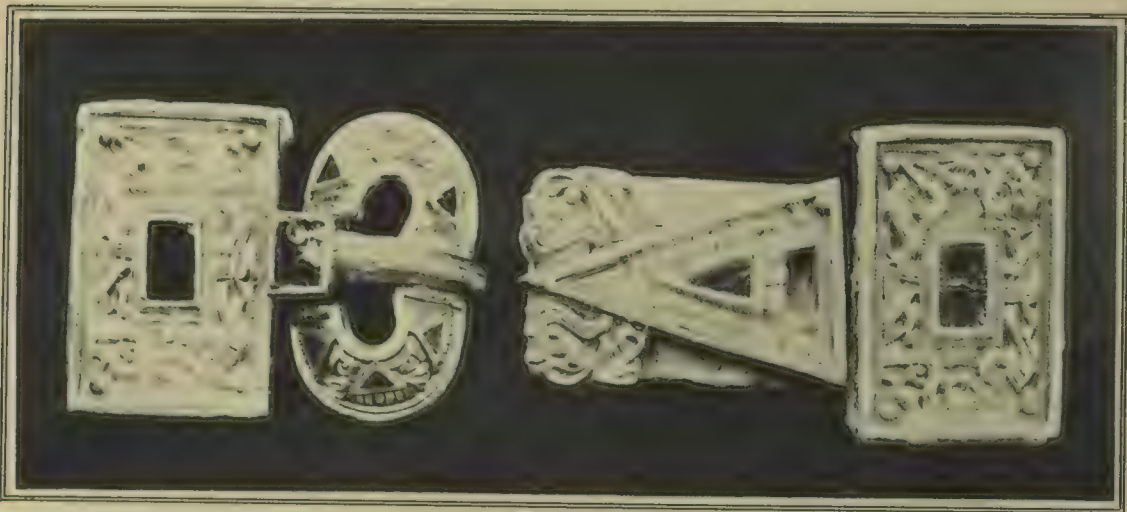


FIG. 2. A SEVENTH-CENTURY GILT BUCKLE SET WITH GARNETS, AND UNUSUALLY COMPLETE WITH COUNTER-PLATE: ANOTHER TREASURE FROM THE SAME GRAVEL-PIT IN KENT AS THE BEAKER IN FIG. 1.

paper and requires no further comment; but not even this can compare, in purely æsthetic quality, with the two Scythian stags that are part of the loan from the National Museum in Budapest. The vigour and force with which these animals are portrayed is only equalled by their barbaric splendour, if, indeed, one can refer to the makers of such things as barbarians. That they were nomads and horsemen we know; that they came as far west as Hungary we know, as also that they were driven away by Celtic tribes somewhere in the fourth century B.C. Beyond that we have nothing but the few remnants from graves to remind us that here was, if not a great nation, a succession of powerful tribes. The first stag is of electron with a considerable silver content, and both were probably ornaments on a shield. The second (Fig. 3) is of pure gold, and was apparently discovered by accident during the digging of a grave, in 1928. As a lilac tree standing on the spot had to be removed, the workmen dug deeper than they would otherwise have done, and came upon the grave of a Scythian chieftain. Similar chance discoveries are, of course, familiar items of news in the daily press.

The important Saxon objects illustrating this article may be said to have been unearthed by the same sort of lucky accident, though in this case the finder knew very well what he was looking for. Mr. A. E. Relph, who has been kind enough to let me reproduce these pieces—they are on loan from his collection at the Exhibition—tells me that he was attracted to a gravel-pit at Howletts, in Kent, by the report of the discovery of a spear-head. He asked the owner whether he could dig there, and was told—as one would give leave to a small child or a mentally-deficient adult—to dig away as much as he liked. It took two hours to extricate the Anglo-Saxon amber glass beaker of Fig. 1, by carefully

ment was not interrupted by any Roman occupation.

Not least among the exhibits are the Manuscripts, many from the famous collection of Mr. A. Chester Beatty, including a page from a commentary of the

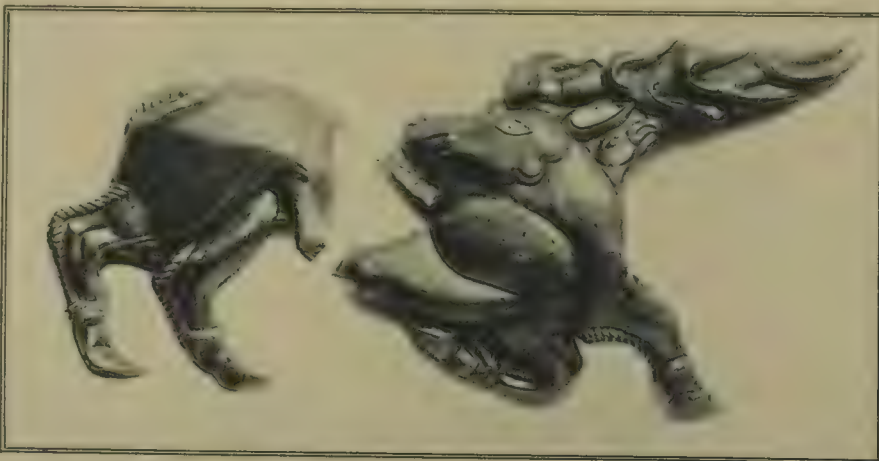


FIG. 3. A "GEM" OF SCYTHIAN ART OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. SHOWN IN THE "DARK AGES" EXHIBITION: THE GOLDEN STAG OF ZÖLDHALOMPUSZTA (CUT IN TWO BY WORKMEN WHO DISCOVERED IT).

Next in importance to the "Lombard Treasure" at the Art in the Dark Ages Exhibition was a remarkable Hungarian collection of Scythian art, mainly of the fifth to the tenth century A.D., but including some much earlier examples of the seventh century B.C., when there was a Scythian invasion of what is now Hungary. Chief among these early specimens were two wonderful "stags" (one of which is seen above) in gold and electron, showing Greek influence. Both were discovered a year or two ago during the digging of a grave at Zöldhalompusztá, in North Hungary, and were illustrated and described in our issue of February 9, 1929. The above figure was moulded in pure gold and weighs over a kilogramme. It represents the animal in a state of collapse. The eyes and ears are formed by inset pieces of light-blue material. It derives from the Greek art of Asia Minor.

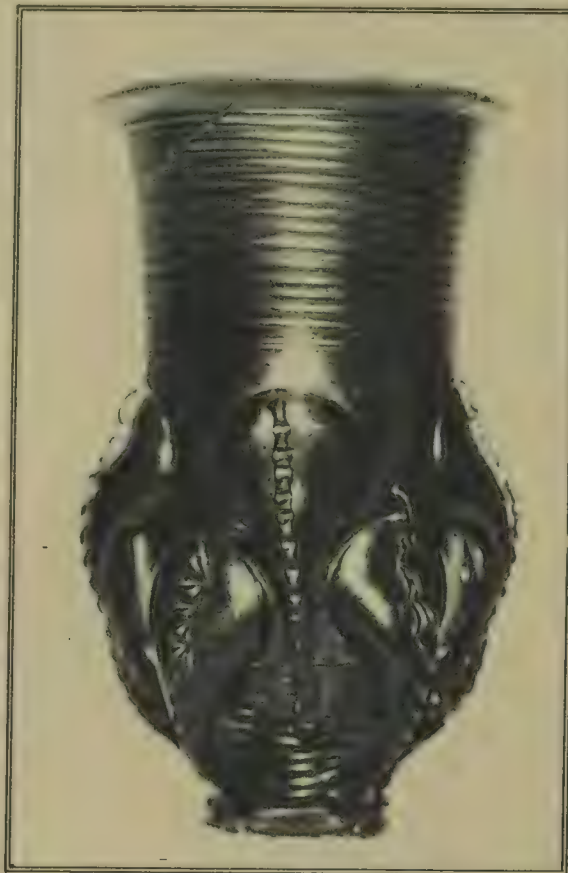


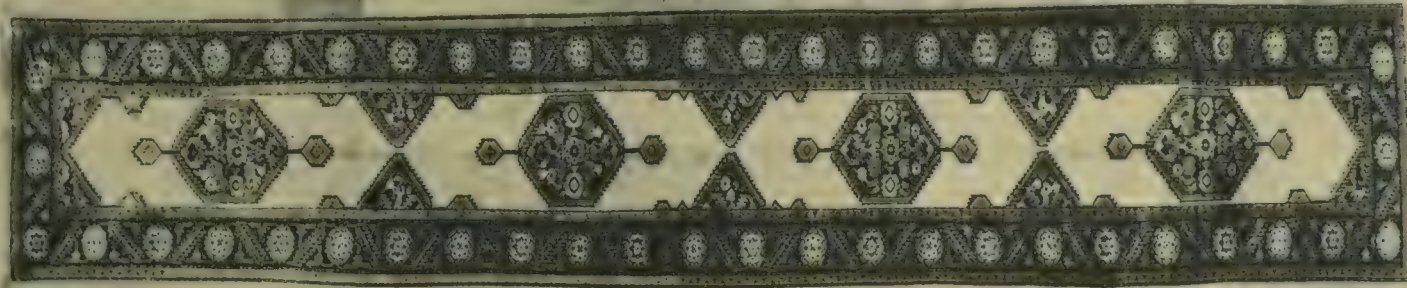
FIG. 1. UNEARTHED FROM A KENTISH GRAVEL-PIT: AN AMBER GLASS BEAKER OF THE SIXTH OR SEVENTH CENTURY, SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION OF ART IN THE DARK AGES.

by some workmen engaged in repairing Lismore Castle.

One visitor at least found himself returning again and again to the south wall of the gallery where the exhibit from Hungary (the most striking pieces of which are the two stags mentioned above) occupies the whole of the available space. The illuminating introduction by Dr. Nandor Fettich explains with great clearness what is known—or should I say deduced from very scanty evidence?—about this mysterious nomad people. "The steppe region of the East: South Russia, South Siberia, the region of Minussinsk, part

of Mongolia, etc., were the places where the ancient nomadic civilisations flourished, and where most of the objects found in Hungary were made. Hungary was the grave of many of these civilisations, as the possibility of their development did not exist there. On the other hand, it was a transit point in the migration of Teutonic tribes from east to west and from north to south, and finally it became the home of the Hungarians, who came from West Siberia." This quotation is intriguing enough; but the whole exhibition shows Europe in a state of flux, slowly building up a new world on the ruins of the old; in other words, it represents a period of migrations, during which various forms of civilisation were in the making.

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9	8	×	3	11	5	15	0	:	11	5	×	3	9	5	19	6	:	13	4	×	3	7	5	19	6	6	:	16	10	×	3	9	10	10	0
10	5	×	3	6	6	6	0	:	12	10	×	3	2	6	19	6	:	14	6	×	3	6	7	17	6	6	:	16	9	×	4	0	9	19	6
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A portion of the Collection of Old Chinese Porcelain, Pottery and Objects of Art formed by the late John Hilditch, Esq., of Minglands, Manchester—June 27th.

The Evolution of the Ideal Hospital Service.

By ALVA DELBERT EVANS, M.D.

FOR the past few weeks City men have been confronted with the unusual sight of a gigantic poster across the whole façade of the Mansion House—"just as if there was a war on." As a matter

side surgical instruments so alike that the layman can hardly tell the difference; yet one is taken from "stock," and the other is from the ruins of Pompeii—just two thousand years apart in time! On the other

the old synonym "Bedehouse" for "Hospital." Viewed out of its historic perspective, this is often looked upon as a national catastrophe; but that it was an attack upon superstition, not science, is proved



BART'S IN THE YEAR 1720: A VERY INTERESTING PRINT "PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR STOW'S SURVEY."

of fact, there is: a war that is costing us more than any War that we have ever waged—the war with disease, which is at the very root of our financial depression. And for this reason the Bart's appeal could just as fittingly have been placed across the front of the Bank of England or any of the great Government offices in Whitehall!

It is this fact which makes what could otherwise have been called "yet another hospital appeal" the advance action in a great national campaign for public health; and it is only right and fitting that it should have been voiced by the mother hospital of the English-speaking races and the cradle of British medical science and teaching, for the Empire has no prouder boast than that of doctoring one-fifth of the globe. Few realise, however, how much of this achievement is due to Bart's, and the part Bart's has played in that evolution of the Voluntary Hospital Movement to which we owe so much of modern health; and the compilation of a volume on the theme ("The Romance of the Voluntary Hospital Movement," shortly to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson's) has been one of the most fascinating studies of my life.

Not one in a thousand realises how very old, yet how very new, medicine is. Thus, in the Hospital

hand, a figure wearing an old germ-stained surgical coat of the days of Lister shows that bacteriology, the very keystone of the modern science of health, is only "as old as snapshot photography."

The same paradox meets one at every stage of the Voluntary Hospital Movement. The ancient Egyptians had hospitals, the Greeks, the Romans; the

Spaniards even found traces of a Ministry of Health and a panel service when they discovered America. Hence one would have supposed that, when the

by the fact that at the same time Henry granted a Charter to the Barber Surgeons, and, what was possibly most important, refounded Bart's Hospital upon secular instead of religious lines. And for two hundred years Bart's was the only hospital in the City of London, and, with St. Thomas's over the water, provided the only technical health service of the nation.

Looking back across the centuries, it seems amazing that the care of the sick was never regarded as part of the duties of citizenship and the functions of the State, but at least this enabled the hospitals to develop upon their own. Hence from Harvey, who for thirty-seven years expounded from Bart's his new discovery of the circulation of the blood, down to Lord Lister, discoverer of the principle of antiseptics, the great mission of the voluntary hospitals has gone on independently, and to-day we are on the verge of possibly greater discoveries than any that have gone before.

For, whereas the mediæval, or monastic, hospitals concentrated upon the saving of the soul by prayer, rather than on the curing of the body, by

medical science—being often little more than churches—to-day the functions of doctor and priest are universally recognised as fundamentally distinct. What is possibly more important, moreover, is that,



HOW FUNDS WERE RAISED IN DAYS GONE BY: A MEETING OF CITIZENS IN THE GREAT HALL OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

early Church took over the system, helped by the spirit of charity, medicine would have made gigantic strides: yet the very opposite was the case, and there swept over Europe a wave of superstition

which almost throttled the science of medicine altogether, leaving nothing but a sort of faith-healing in its place, with pilgrimages and relics taking the place of experiment and investigation. It was against this abuse that Henry VIII struck, and, as a result, some 800 hospitals and 200 lazarettos, or leper houses, perished in England, only such institutions surviving as

could not be technically described as "chantries"—one of whose chief duties was the praying of the patients for the souls of their benefactors; whence

whereas in the old days the care of the sick was looked upon as merely a matter of charity (as if they were merely objects for the luxury of sentiment), to-day,

[Continued overleaf.]

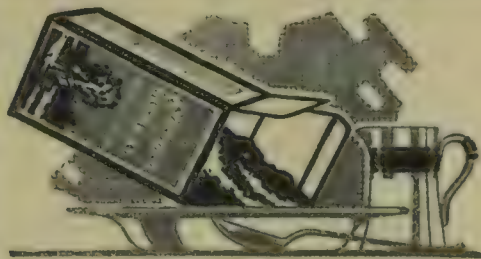


THE RAHERE WARD IN BART'S IN 1832: A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING.

Exhibition now on view to the public at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, by courtesy of the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, there can be seen side by



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thanks to the science of vital statistics, both the statesmen and economists recognise that the "Health of a Nation" is really, fundamentally, the "Wealth of a Nation."

How few of those who inveigh against the "Dole," for example, realise that one in four of our unemployed is workless by reason of sickness; some even say that sickness represents the largest proportion of the capital lying idle without producing dividends—and it is to save, or, rather, liberate, some portion of that vast sum, estimated at £1,000,000,000, that our hospitals, like Bart's, are making a national appeal to the Empire. Progress, of course, has been made—tremendous progress: people live twice as long to-day as their ancestors did in the days of Fielding; operations are successful in eighty per cent., instead of fatal in eighty per cent., as in pre-Lister days; in our life-time, as the Right Hon. John Burns once declared, hospital progress alone has saved some six million lives—i.e., a population equal to London; but, for all that, our losses still bear a tragic resemblance to real "war time" proportions.

Out of some 470,000 who die annually in England only 25,000 are registered as dying of genuine old age; of the rest, cancer accounts for some 50,000 deaths a year—i.e., a population equal to that of Margate; pulmonary diseases cost some 60,000

lives—i.e., a population equal to Eastbourne; heart disease, some 64,000—i.e., a population equal to Yarmouth; but most of these could be

extent of their financial capacity. Yet at any time some discovery, worth untold millions, like that of Jenner or Lister or Manson, may emerge from a research department of the great hospitals, if not over-burdened with the minor duties of the out-patient and casualty wards, and for this reason the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew has a claim with which few can compare, for it is a claim based upon 800 years of unremitting service to the citizens of London.

Mansion House appeals in the past sixty years have produced some twelve million pounds for catastrophes like earthquakes and floods, largely beyond our gates, not a few of them foreign; it is inconceivable that the needs of the mother hospital of the Empire should not bring forth one of those great *beaux gestes* of philanthropy which have always distinguished British character whenever the national cause called for it. One of the most romantic stories in the annals of charity, founded as it was by the sacrifice of Rahere, a simple King's jester, the rebuilder of Bart's, if fame be his desire, has here in the heart of London already half-built a Mausoleum which will endure longer than that great wonder of the world now a ruin at Halicarnassus—for

it will be founded in the very hearts of Londoners, who have ever looked upon it as one of their greatest glories, while kings have guarded it even as their crowns.



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cured or saved by the ideal health service for which the voluntary hospitals, now as ever, are openly agitating and silently working to the full

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CONTINENTAL motorists have made the Mascot of St. Christopher famous. British motorists have yet to choose and adopt their mascot. The claims of St. Bartholomew for their adoption are strong.

The dangers of the road imply the motorist's need for protection and, when some inevitable accident occurs, for the hospital.

St. Bartholomew's in Rome was the first of all European hospitals; St. Bartholomew's of London—the cradle of modern medical science and teaching, the Mother Hospital of the English-speaking nations—was the first hospital established in the capital city of the British Empire. What better mascot, then, could British motorists have than St. Bartholomew the Apostle!

The monks taught us our learning and our industry; Rahere, the founder of St. Bartholomew's, was one of the most notable and pious monks in our island history. St. Bartholomew appeared to Rahere in a vision, and bade the monk build a hospital in London, so showing the Apostle Saint's preoccupation with our health, safety and happiness. Thus, may not the mascot of St. Bartholomew stand for safety, happiness and prosperity?

Shall it not be *St. Bartholomew for the Empire*?

He was the Apostle who travelled the furthest of all in spreading the Gospel, penetrating even to India, and, as far as England was concerned, probably the most popular patron saint of our early churches and hospitals. These facts alone make him the ideal Saint-Protector. If charity always brings its reward, surely the luck that the profits will bring the hospital patients should come back to those who generously support his mascot now being sold for the Mother Hospital of the Empire.

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What couldn't I do to a lager!

When a thirst takes you by the throat, take a Barclay's by the neck! Crisp as a hill-top breeze! Clear and cool as a mountain stream! A brilliance lit by bubbles! A tang that makes great thirsts a precious memory!



LIGHT OR DARK—THE DRINK FOR A LORDLY THIRST

WHY NOT A CRUISING HOLIDAY?

IT is not difficult to put one's finger on the reasons for the present popularity of cruising. It enables one to visit new countries; it provides constant variety of scenery; it throws one into the society of congenial companions, and it furnishes an opportunity



HOME—AND A HOME FIRE—IN A SHIP: COMFORT IN THE SMOKING-ROOM OF THE BLUE STAR LINE'S "ARANDORA STAR."

of broadening one's whole outlook—under ideal conditions. And cruises are arranged so that everyone's pocket is considered. Foreseeing a growing demand for luxury cruises, the Blue Star Line, just a year ago, put into commission its 15,000-ton liner, *Arandora Star*. Neither trouble nor money was spared to make the *Arandora Star* the perfect cruising liner. It was realised that the demand in these times was for a

cruise that could be taken in conditions of comfort and luxury. The *Arandora Star* has proved a great success. Many of those who have had a cruise during the past year have booked again—and no greater compliment could be paid a ship.

This year the *Arandora Star* has already made four cruises, all to the Mediterranean. Ten more are to follow—six to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Islands, and four to Norway and the Northern capitals. The next cruise begins on June 18, and takes in Gibraltar, Tangier, Barcelona, Palma, and Cadiz. This is a fourteen-day trip at a particularly low fare, and should suit all whose business will allow them only a fortnight's leave in the year.

On July 5, the *Arandora Star* bids a temporary good-bye to the Mediterranean and sails from Immingham on a thirteen-day cruise to the Norwegian fjords. Of this cruise it is sufficient to say that it includes all the most beautiful of the Norwegian fjords; it is a voyage of endless variety and at a price that is within the reach of all. On July 19, the *Arandora Star* again leaves Immingham—for a twenty-day cruise to the fjords, the North Cape, and the Land of the Midnight Sun, a distance of 4300 miles. This particular cruise was one of the most successful made by the *Arandora Star* last year.

Two more Norwegian itineraries follow, on Aug. 9 and Aug. 23, for respectively thirteen and twenty-three days. The second of these provides something quite novel, for it includes a visit to Leningrad and Moscow. Russia is still the land of mystery. This cruise will provide an opportunity of seeing such things as the Museum of the Revolution, the House of the Red Army, the Kremlin, and Lenin's Tomb. On her return journey from Leningrad, the *Arandora Star* will visit Copenhagen and pass through the Kiel Canal to Hamburg, finishing the cruise at Rotterdam. This is a cruise of infinite variety.

The autumn marks the return of the *Arandora Star* to the Mediterranean. On Sept. 19 she leaves

Southampton on a twenty-four day cruise to Spain, Sicily, Italy, Tripoli, and Morocco. This includes Venice, Palma, Palermo, and Corfu. On Oct. 14 comes a twenty-four day cruise to the Mediterranean, the itinerary including Constantinople and Athens. The next begins on Nov. 8. This is an eighteen-day cruise to Morocco, Majorca, France (Villefranche), Italy, and Algeria. The last cruise of 1930 starts on Dec. 19. Christmas Day in the sunlit Mediterranean! And England probably drenched in rain, for we do not have the good old-fashioned Christmas at home any longer!

Here, then—in the briefest of outlines—are the itineraries mapped out for your delight in this year of grace, 1930. They are the most interesting and varied that the company can devise. So there is a solution of the holiday problem—a pleasure



FOR DANCERS AFLOAT: THE BALL-ROOM IN THE "ARANDORA STAR," THE LUXURY CRUISING SHIP OF THE BLUE STAR LINE.

cruise. Judged from all standpoints, whether of cost, enjoyment, or health, it is one of the cheapest, most varied, and most invigorating holidays in all the world.

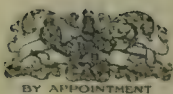


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"Medium" Navy Cut
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"Medium" Navy Cut
CIGARETTES 20 for 11½^d

Last? It's paint with a steel-hard surface



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The makers of this Gloss Combinol have something of a name for good-lasting paints. Not that anything in the way of beauty is sacrificed. Now if you saw this paint applied you might take it for enamel. So bright and gleaming it is. Smooth as glass without a brush mark. That's because Combinol flows out level no matter how much you brush it out. I'd recommend it for beauty and I'd recommend it for wear. Inside or outside. It's paint with nothing spared.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE only commodity in England that is cheaper to buy to-day than in 1914 is a motor-car. Never were prices per horse-power so small, nor such complete equipment given at so low a cost to the purchaser. British motor manufacturers consequently shared only slightly in the general trade slump for the month of April. In fact, figures for the first four months of 1930, issued by the British Section of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders at the end of May, showed an excess of exports of British cars over imports of 5451 cars, commercial and pleasure chassis, of the value of £1,638,652. Actually, that surplus was arrived at by subtracting from the value of the 11,279 British motor-vehicles exported the cost of the 5828 motors imported into England during that period.

In an interesting communication addressed to me by Lieut.-Colonel A. Hacking, the director of the British Section, it is stated that the export of British commercial motor-vehicles has increased wonderfully. No fewer than 325, as compared with 175, were sold to India in the first quarter of this year, and equal advance has been made in Ceylon, British Malaya, Dutch East Indies, Persia, Australia, and the Union of South Africa. Further, that while the British cars exported to Ceylon for the year 1929 increased by 147 vehicles, those of the chief competitor decreased by 105; and the British increase of 1813 vehicles to New Zealand compares with a U.S.A. decrease of 1911.

The industry is pleased to record its appreciation of the manner in which Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Lord Privy Seal, received the various representations made to him, and, states Colonel Hacking, "there can be no question that the collective steps taken by the special committee appointed by the British Manufacturers' Section to offer to the Government every possible assistance in the consideration of the effect of the McKenna Duties was responsible for the ultimate decision to leave them on the Statute Book." In this general survey of the British motor



A SOUVENIR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RECENT HUNTING HOLIDAY: A NATIVE DANCE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO—WITH A WOLSELEY IN THE FOREGROUND.

Seven Wolseley six-cylinder cars were used throughout the tour.

industry thanks are paid to Lord Wakefield's generosity in buying the "Golden Arrow" car and sending it for exhibition to Australia and New Zealand, where it is being shown in various centres. At the Easter Royal Show at Sydney 75,000 people inspected it—a fine advertisement for British cars.

British motor-cycles are also holding their own against their competitors for export business. Their soundness of construction was well emphasised recently by a resident from Brendon, Plymstock, who wrote that he has had a Raleigh motor-cycle in regular use for the past six years, and it has never been necessary to take it to a garage for repair. This is only one of many similar instances that have been brought to my notice to show that our motor-cycles entirely dissipate the idea that a machine is a constant source of expense. On the contrary, first cost is all the cost on British motors. Our accessories, too, are equally sound. Take, for instance, K.L.G. plugs. These were used by Miss Amy Johnson in her flight to Australia, by the winning Bentley cars in the Double-Twelve hours motor-race, by the Riley and Austin "Seven" winners of their respective classes, as well as in hosts of cars and aeroplanes used in India, Australia, South Africa, and other countries—in all cases of difficult engines and where reliability is essential for safety.

Whitsun Tours Round London.

It is very appropriate that the Royal Automobile Club should have issued its "Motor Runs Round London" (North of the Thames) just before the Whitsun holiday. Written by Mr. Charles Harper and published at the moderate price of one shilling, this volume of Burrow's "R.A.C." Guides is a companion book to that of "South of the Thames," issued previously at Easter. The benefit of this volume is that it provides routes off the usual beaten track to a large number of interesting places in a radius of about sixty miles from London. Consequently, herein are day tours admirably planned to avoid fatigue or hurry to those following its guide. Take London to Cambridge and back, via Royston and avoiding the City. Thus you travel by that ancient Roman road, the Icknield Way. Also, when you stop at the post-office at Royston, your object is to descend to the Royston Cave, twenty-eight feet deep down in the chalk underneath the street opposite to the post-office. This cave dates from the thirteenth century, or even earlier, as at that date it was occupied by a hermit.

Markyate, in the early days of motoring, endeavoured to fine every driver of a car that passed through its narrow main street unless at a crawl.

(Continued overleaf)

AUSTRALIA ^{IN} 20 DAYS!

Miss AMY JOHNSON'S

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in a D. H. GIPSY MOTH!

(Standard, except for extra tankage)



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(Continued.)

To-day the villages welcome visitors: These latter, if they are wise, should pay a call to Markyate Cell, on the left coming to London just before entering the village. This was another home of a holy hermit in the same period, a monk of St. Albans who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. To his memory a lady of the name of Christina founded here the Benedictine Convent of Markyate Cell, and in 1145 became its first Prioress. The present Elizabethan mansion stands on the site of the old convent. These are just examples of the hundreds of spots to visit referred to in "Motor Runs."

Roomy Carriages of Outstanding Merit.

This year of grace 1930 has given to motorists a particularly fine lot of large, roomy motor-carriages of outstanding merit rated about 25-h.p. Fortune, being kind to me, has let me have personal experience in driving all these class cars. One of the most distinguished in this group is the 25-h.p. Sunbeam saloon or limousine, according to whether you use it as an owner-driven or as a chauffeur-driven carriage. Why owner-drivers always call limousines "saloons" if they drive themselves, and by the former name if their coachman handles the steering-wheel, has always made me wonder. But there it is. I expect the reason is that the division between front and rear compartments is kept up when the chauffeur drives and down when the owner performs. Anyway, the 25-h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, seating seven persons most comfortably, is an admirable car to own. Ladies like it because the upholstery and panels are tasteful to the eye, and the former is soft and comfortable to sit on. The two occasional seats face forward and sink behind the division of the two compartments. When they are in use, all the passengers have plenty of room for their legs wherever they sit. Steering is light, the brakes are splendid—you can pull up inside seventy yards at sixty miles an hour—the acceleration is rapid, and you seldom want to use any gear but top. In fact, on level ground you start in third speed. Its maximum speed is about seventy miles an hour, but the great charm in driving this big, roomy family carriage is the rapidity that one reaches fifty miles an hour. It is only a matter of a few seconds—actually under half a minute. At the same time, you can crawl equally well on top gear at five miles an hour or less in traffic. A very safe carriage is this 25-h.p. Sunbeam, rated at 24-h.p., by the way, for tax. It holds the road well at speed

and at corners without rolling. The third speed is quiet, so you can take this car up severe gradients on that gear without letting the whole world know you are not on top. Considering that the complete car is listed at only £1250, yet looks like a £2000 job, and runs like one with a full cargo on board for a long tour, I know of few cars that provide more comfortable travelling facilities over all sorts of roads either at high or moderate speeds.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"DER LEBENDE LEICHNAM," AT THE GLOBE.

HERR ALEXANDER MOISSI is an actor of great charm. There is nothing vigorous in his methods; he is content gently to insinuate himself into one's good graces. So confidential is he in his manner that at times one feels one is playing the part of the listener on the stage, and that it is into one's own particular ear he is pouring his confidences. The production struck me as more Teutonic than Slavonic, and I should have liked Komisarjevsky to have had the staging of it. Apart from Herr Moissi, the other actors seemed too practical and un-introspective for the type of Russian characters we have been led to believe in. The lighting was quaintly effective; searchlights, so to speak, roamed the inky deep, picking up the characters who—like ships in the night—hailed each other in passing. By this method, a constant change of setting for the ten scenes required was avoided. Also it assisted the playgoer who can only say, and that with difficulty, "Ich spreche sehr wenig Deutsch," to concentrate on the particular incident holding the stage.

"HAMLET," AT THE QUEEN'S.

I have never seen a better Hamlet than Mr. John Gielgud's; there can have been few better within the last twenty years. He has one great advantage—an advantage too little insisted on for the understanding of the character—youth. Here was the adolescent that Shakespeare drew. Loving his father, perhaps more in death than in life; hating his mother sharing the connubial bed of another man; instructing a seasoned troupe of players in the art of acting (as if, indeed, he had been a modern dramatic critic); his moods of gloom, that passed in an instant into fits of active passion—all this is

youth in its early twenties, and many a man who is neither a second husband nor has murdered a brother to achieve a wife must admit it. Apart from Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet, the support ranged from the extremely good to the fairly competent. Miss Martita Hunt was an ideal Queen Gertrude, an amiable, scatter-brained woman. Mr. John Wyse was an excellent Ghost, and a Fortinbras of electric quality. Mr. Francis James could hardly have been bettered as Laertes. Miss Adèle Dixon was fairly good as Ophelia, but her mad scene had been bettered very many times. The scenery was simple and thoroughly effective. Distinctly a production to see.

"THE LAST CHAPTER," AT THE NEW.

To stand on one's head is some people's idea of originality, and so the authors of "The Last Chapter" have placed their Epilogue first. When the curtain rises we see Victor Gresham, a best-selling author, dead in his chair. All the evidence points to suicide. Act I proper takes place eleven hours earlier on the same day, and shows us what actually happened. The scene is Victor's living-room in Chelsea. (The play has been Anglicised as regards locality, but many American idioms have been retained despite this.) Here are gathered, to celebrate the conclusion of his latest novel, a party of ladies whom he has either loved in the past or proposes to love in the future. They range from a drink-and-drug sodden cabaret singer from Vienna (well played by Miss Joyce Kennedy) to a lady of rank (Miss Grizelda Hervey) whose husband has suddenly grown infuriated on learning that his wife has served as the model for the amorous heroine of one of the novels, and an American chorus girl (amusingly played by Miss Kay Hammond). Up to now the play was dull, but Act 2 considerably improves as entertainment, though as a work of art it still fails lamentably. Here we see the hero, doing his one good deed for the day, succouring his ex-mistress from Vienna, and being, inevitably, misjudged by the innocent lady artist whom he desires to make his wife. Act 3 is very good. Even the most experienced of playgoers will have difficulty in guessing the author of the crime until the disclosure at the end. Mr. Owen Nares played with his accustomed ease a not very laborious rôle. Mr. Edgar Norfolk was very good as a butler; while Miss Dora Gregory gave an excellent performance.

The more you see it—
the better you like it.

Vienna



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New Ford comfort and beauty

New gleaming Rustless Steel — the same bright untarnishable metal all the way through — for water and petrol filler caps, hub caps, tail and head lamps, scuttle band and radiator shell. The new bright parts of the new Ford car cannot rust or wear shabby. New Ford beauty is built to endure.

New roomy bodies for added riding comfort.

New unique adjustable front seats for enclosed models — can be adjusted while driving.

New smaller diameter, larger hubbed, wider rimmed wheels — giving lower streamline beauty, added riding comfort, increased road holding ability and further safety.

New deeper radiator — 14 sq. ins. more cooling surface — low streamline grace promoted.

New improved springs for added riding comfort and holding the road.

New larger, longer bonnet for grace and distinction.

New streamline moulding and Rustless Steel scuttle band.

New and more powerful parabolic head lamps of Rustless Steel for added streamline harmony.

New sun visor for all closed models, gracefully moulded to flow into the new beauty of the body.

New mudguards that sweep backwards in graceful curves, the rear ends coming much lower than previously.

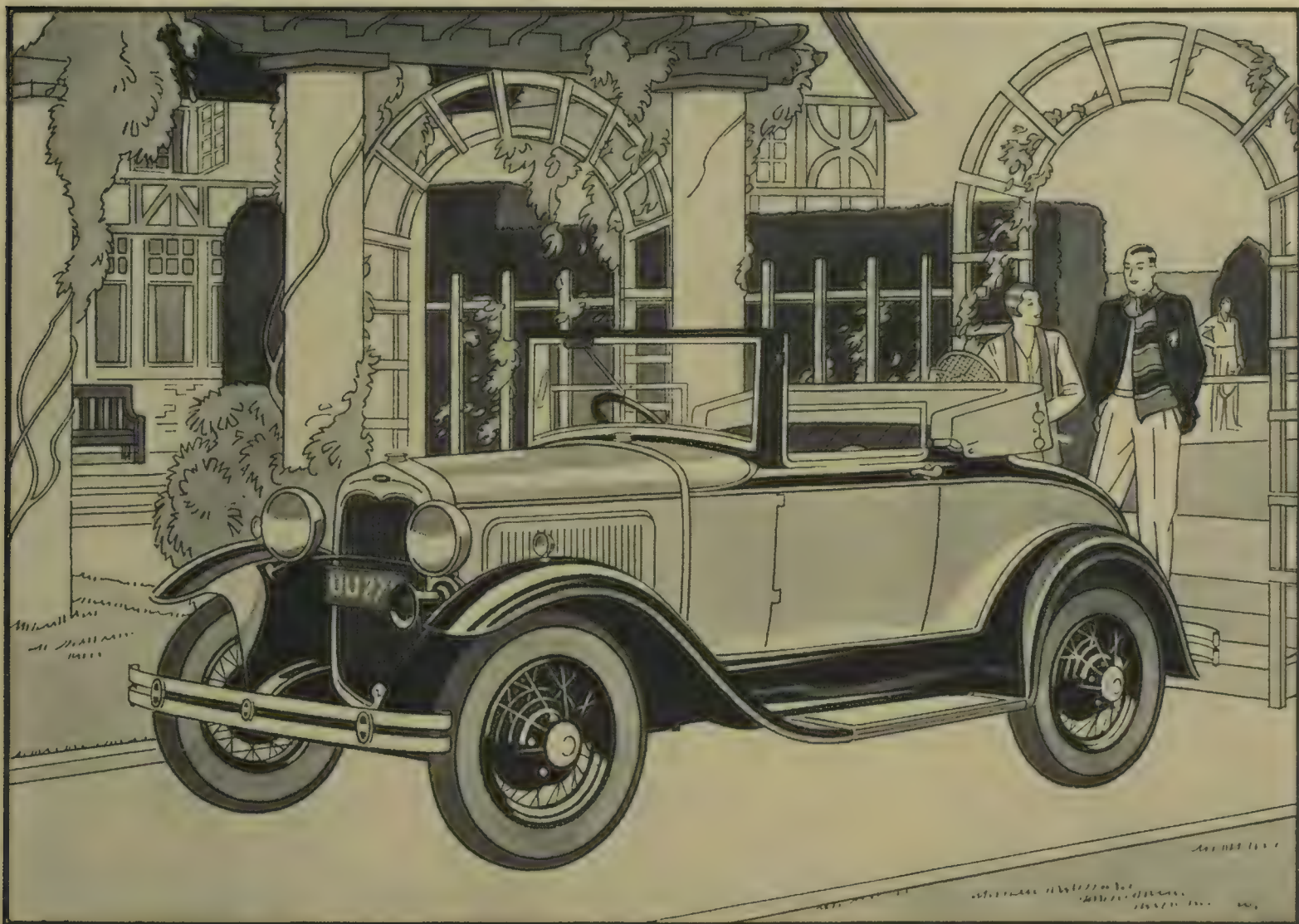
New flat top steering wheel, large diameter, thin rim, comfortable finger grips.

New handbrake lever situated alongside the gear lever.

New larger diameter, black, non-metallic horn button.

Fresh, new beauty from the new deep radiator to the curving tip of the new rear mudguard.

Prices: Tourer £180; Tudor Saloon £195; Coupé £215; Cabriolet £225; Fordor Saloon (3 windows) £225; De Luxe Fordor with sliding roof £245. All prices at Works, Manchester. Ford Motor Company Limited, London & Manchester.



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Our only concern is that you may see these beautiful cars and study them personally. Know that Ford strength and long life rest secure under these new gracefully flowing lines.

Know that to Ford engineering, careful British workmanship and unusual precision building, outstanding new beauty has now been

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Take also the time to experience — from behind the wheel — the driving safety and pleasure, and the pride of ownership that are now brought within the reach of almost everyone.

A NEW BRITISH FOOD INDUSTRY.

A VISIT to the works of the Energen Foods Company, Ltd., at Willesden, justified the claim made by this firm that their products are produced under the best hygienic conditions and conform to the pure food laws of all countries.

A special feature of Energen Bread and the

other foods is that on each packet a statement appears showing the contents by weight in grammes of protein, carbohydrate, and fat, and the total number of calories either in each baton or roll or in their cereal health foods in one ounce. In this way, it is easy for anyone following a diet exactly to fit these foods into their requirements. They are no longer obliged to make complicated calculations as to what quantities of any foods they should eat.

This is particularly useful to persons following what is known as the Eighteen-day Hollywood Diet. As a matter of fact, the Energen Foods Company have, with the approval of the New Health Society, brought out a very important modification of this somewhat notorious diet, which, by medical advice, they are allowed to offer as a Hollywood Diet made safe by the inclusion of Energen Bread.

We understand that this firm would be very pleased to show anyone over their works and explain the system of starch-reduction which enables them to offer their foods as of definite and scientific value. It is interesting to note, in connection with the movement which is taking

place to encourage the use of English wheat flour for making ordinary bread, that the Energen Company has a scheme in operation with bakers whereby the addition of a small percentage of Energen High Protein Flour enables them, without difficulty, to make a perfect loaf with pure English flour.

Another product made by this company is a breakfast food called Bismel, which contains not only a larger amount of protein than ordinary breakfast foods, but also the whole wheat berry crushed up and a small addition of casein of milk. Above all, it is interesting to note that not only are all the products made by this company British throughout, but the industry is an entirely new one, established in this country during the war.



IN PICTURESQUE TANGIER: A CORNER OF THE MARKET-PLACE.

Among those attractive summer cruises to the Mediterranean which are now available at moderate terms are two by the Anchor Line S.S. "Britannia." The first of these extends from July 17 to August 3. This seventeen-days' trip starts from Glasgow and Belfast, and touches Spain, Portugal, and North Africa. The ports of call are Arosa Bay, Malaga, Palma, Tangier, and Lisbon, and at each place well-organised shore expeditions are arranged by the Company. The minimum fare for this cruise is £24, and a complete series of five shore expeditions is offered for £5 9s. 6d. The "Britannia's" second cruise starts on August 7, and extends to August 31. The ports of embarkation are Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool, and the itinerary takes in Malaga, Palma, Naples, Malta, Palermo, and Gibraltar. This is a most interesting cruise, during which a series of six shore expeditions is offered for an inclusive price of £6 3s. 6d. The minimum fare for the cruise itself is £33. The Company have taken great pains to evolve these two cruises, which will combine moderate charges with an itinerary of great interest and picturesque attraction, and those of our readers who may avail themselves of the facilities extended are assured of a most attractive holiday.



PERFECT COMFORT: THE "BURLINGTON" ADJUSTABLE RECLINING CHAIR.

The "Burlington" can be converted instantly from an easy chair into a reclining chair or a full-length couch of luxurious comfort. The adjustable back, leg-rest, and head-pillow, and the opening sides, are a few of its comfort-giving features, and the mechanism, though effective, is extremely simple. It is made by Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Ltd., of 168, Great Portland Street. Numerous accessories can be obtained—for reading, writing, or taking meals.

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Reduced prices for a 21-day Cure

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BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

The standard of perfect water filtration.
A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.

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Sardinia House, Kingway, London, W.C.2

"On Safari"

The following Cablegram was received by Wolseley Motors (1927) Ltd., who were honoured with a command from H.R.H. The Prince of Wales to supply Wolseley Cars for his recent safari in East Africa.



IMPERIAL AND INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS

24

From *Wbm7* To *Juba* Date *31* Time *10-00am* Remarks *Bham*

No. of Words *119* Net *Exactitude*

On conclusion of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' hunting tour of Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Soudan, and Belgian Congo am pleased to inform you the fleet of seven 21/60 h.p. Saloons and Touring Cars employed have behaved splendidly. Road conditions proved abnormally severe in parts, as many hundred miles of trackless bush were traversed. In spite of extremely rough usage there has been no instance of involuntary stop due to mechanical trouble, and all cars are in excellent condition to-day, after approximately thirty-thousand car miles. Cars were fitted with fine mesh grass-seed resisting screens completely masking radiator, and exhibited no signs of overheating under severest temperature conditions.

SAYER

"Via Eastern"

MARK YOUR REPLY

No reply respecting this Telegram can be attended to without the production of the Copy

L.S.P.101

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXXXIV.

BY COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

IN spite of their great finances and large experimental staffs, big firms do not always produce the new ideas that become proved commercial successes. This applies to boat-design as much as to any other form of invention, and I have recently found an instance that affords good proof of its truth. Though most of the old yachting hands will know of him, there may be many readers of these columns who have never heard of Mr. Percy See, and the boatyard he owns at Fareham, Hants, in which he builds small vessels, chiefly of the fast kind. Racing craft that he has built have many successes to their credit all over the world, and are known to be high-class vessels that are well and carefully finished and fitted.

A few months ago I visited some very hot and dry show-rooms in London in which boats were exhibited. The majority showed signs of warping (caused by the adverse atmospheric conditions), and in some cases the planking had cracked, but a See boat that was there had been hardly affected. I attribute this to good design, good workmanship, and the employment of carefully chosen materials. I am open to correction, but I believe that See hydroplanes were the first to be fitted with steps shaped like the letter V when viewed in plan. That they are efficient is a proved fact, for the first *Miss England* has a step of this kind, and I understand that her successor has one also.

The See boatyard has now produced yet another new idea that can be applied to all kinds of vessels, and many advantages are claimed for it. Briefly, it consists of a clinker-built boat (planks that overlap instead of being flush) which has its top planks lapping downwards in the usual way and the bottom planks upwards. Many outboard dinghies, with speeds up to 30 knots, have been constructed on these lines, and recently a 20-ft. cabin cruiser has been built.

The latter, which I tried a few days ago, has carved-built sides and inverted clinker planking on her bottom. Frankly, she puzzles me, for her performance was in every way exceptional. I am left undecided as to how much of it is attributable to the novel planking system, and how much to clever designing of the under-water lines. With no one on board, the boat weighs approximately 25 lb. per h.p. developed, and, though she is of the stepless variety, she yet attains



THE SEE 20-FT. OUTBOARD CABIN-CRUISER, SHOWING THE NOVEL SYSTEM OF BOTTOM PLANKING. Both a forward and after cockpit are fitted, whilst between them is a small cabin with a roof that can be raised when more head-room is required. For week-end cruising for two persons, these craft should appeal to many.

a speed of 26 m.p.h. (22½ knots) with three persons on board.

This alone is perhaps insufficient to recommend her in the opinion of certain critics, but it is not the point on which her designer relies to prove her excellence. It is her clean running, absence of wash or water disturbance generally, that is so remarkable. Practically every builder of fast boats claims that his products "pound" less than any others,

but this little craft would certainly be a hot favourite in any anti-pounding competition. Her turning circle is wonderfully small, for at any speed she can turn practically in her own length. Under no ordinary conditions is there any jerk or jar, nor is water thrown up that might wet the occupants. The wake was so flat and narrow as to make me search for the cause. I found that when at high speed a considerable length of the chine abaft the bow wave was not touching the water, thus eliminating a great deal of skin friction, and in effect decreasing the beam of the boat and the wake it creates.

A vessel built on this principle should certainly be a good sea-boat, for the planking forms small bilge keels that not only create little resistance to forward motion, but also act as do steps that follow the line of flow of the water until the course is changed, when they tend to lift the boat and decrease the volume of water displaced on the turn. These ridges also produce small air cushions that tend to reduce any shocks in a sea-way.

The whole principle makes it appear as if the glassy-smooth bottoms, so dear to the heart of racing yachtsmen, are not the best means by which to attain speed. As aids to stability, corrugations (steps) on the surface of aeroplane wings have long been used. There seems no reason, therefore, why the bottoms of boats should prove to be exceptions, providing they are designed and treated scientifically. This matter is one that is full of interest, but has not received the attention it deserves. It is well

known that, unless the hulls of coastal motor-boats or destroyers are flexible, they will not be really fast. There is a close connection between this flexibility and "steps," for both have the effect of reducing resistance and of storing up energy, as in a yacht with a flexible mast that will gain on those with rigid ones in light weather. I understand that Messrs. Bruce and Holroyd, Ltd., 86, High Street, Feltham, Middlesex, are agents for See boats in the London area.

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action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

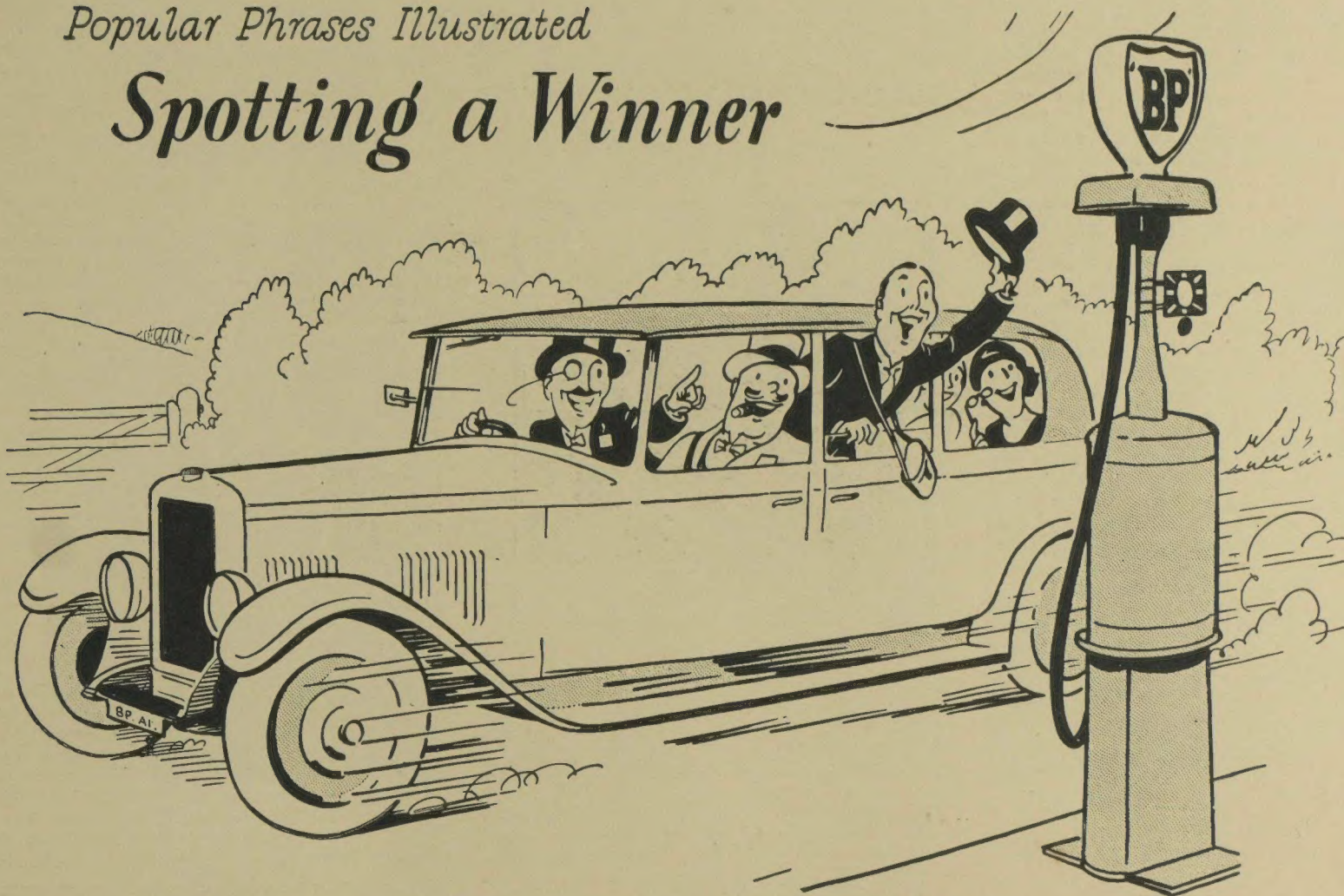
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ITALIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE outstanding event of the Italian Opera so far has been the first appearance in London, on the second night of the season, of Beniamino Gigli as Chénier in Giordano's opera, "Andrea Chénier." Signor Gigli has made a great reputation in America, and he is known by gramophone records to many people in this country. It is not possible, however, to judge conclusively of a singer from gramophone records alone, and, of course, they can tell us nothing of a singer's capacity as an actor. It was, therefore, with some anxiety that one awaited Gigli's appearance in the first act of "Andrea Chénier." For once, however, reputation did not exaggerate. Gigli has a magnificent voice, which he uses with real artistry and considerable command of tone-colour and dramatic expression, and he is also a fine actor full of dramatic fire. It is true that he is rather short in stature, but he has dignity and grace of movement, and is in every respect an operatic tenor of quite exceptional quality. The enthusiasm of the audience after his great scene in the first act was spontaneous and unmistakable.

"Andrea Chénier" has not been performed at Covent Garden for many years, but it is a very effective if not very inspired work. There is always life and movement in the music and, on the stage, and the craftsmanship, as with most Italian opera composers, is exceedingly good. Miss Margherita Sheridan took the part of Maddalena, and I have never heard her sing to better advantage. Giovanni Inghilleri was also good as the revolutionary lacquey Gérard, but "Andrea Chénier" is a tenor's opera, which, no doubt, is the chief reason for its being chosen for the first appearance of Gigli in London.

If "Andrea Chénier" is a tenor's opera, "Norma" is emphatically a *prima donna's* opera, and Rosa Ponselle repeated her fine performance of last year in the name-part. She has a voice of very unusual timbre, and to me it is not altogether pleasing until one gets accustomed to it. Nor was she in her best form, I thought, at the beginning, but bit by bit one was warmed to a more cordial appreciation of her performance by the beautiful suppleness and expressiveness of her singing. She was finely supported by a more than usually good mezzo-soprano in Irene Minghini Cattaneo, who took the important part of Adalgisa. A new tenor, Tullio Verona, was the Polliore this year, and he gave a sound if undistinguished performance. The orchestra was excellent under Vincenzo Bellezza, whose conducting is admirably pointed and forceful.

The conductor (Vincenzo Bellezza) and orchestra particularly distinguished themselves in "Aida," which

[Continued in column 3.]

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

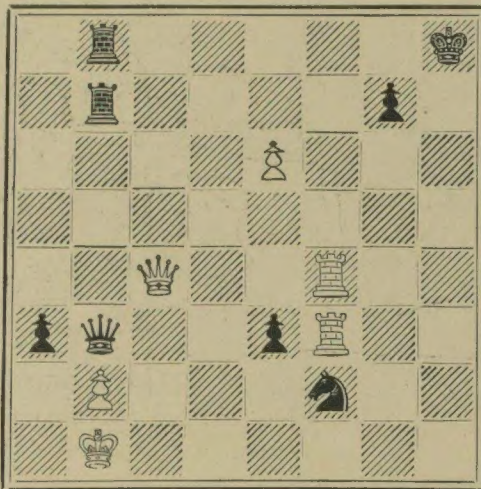
SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XLII.

[Q2rrb1r; 2pk1rpp; 2p5; 2P1sq2; 4S3; 5P2; PP3PKP; R1B2R2.] As stated, Lasker played 18. RQ1ch, and there followed: 18. KK3, 19. QxR, QxPch; 20. KKt1, BK2; 21. QQ4, QKt5ch; 22. KR1, QB6ch; 23. KKt1, QKt5ch; 24. KR1, QB6ch; draw by perpetual check.

It is a great pity that Dr. Alekhin was never able to meet Dr. Lasker in a match, as the latter is considered by many to be the strongest player of all past champions.

GAME PROBLEM No. XLIV.

BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (6 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 1r5k; 1r4p1; 4P3; 8; 2Q2R2; pq2pR2; 1P3s2; 1K6.]

White to play and mate in four moves.

Chess Editors are frequently offered "brilliances" alleged to be authentic, but revealed by analysis to be synthetic. On finding the above problem in the *Chess Players' Chronicle*, stated to have "occurred in actual play between distinguished amateurs," we suspected leg-pulling of this kind, but careful retro-analysis shows that it is probably genuine. The mate is pretty but simple, and we shall give five marks for finding it; those of our solvers who require more "employment for the speculative mind," may earn an extra mark for answers to each of the following questions—

- (1) What was Black's last move?
- (2) Why did he make it?
- (3) Had he anything better?

In going for the three extra marks, it must be assumed that the "distinguished amateurs" were distinguished for their skill, and made no obvious blunders.

must be the most grateful opera to play in that has ever been written. From start to finish it is a blaze of effects, and often of the most beautiful effects. The dramatic power of "Ritorna Vincitor" and the exquisite loveliness of "O Patria Mia" are among the glories of opera, and Miss Eva Turner did them justice and was altogether a praiseworthy Aida. Mr. John Brownlee was an excellent Amonasro, and Francesco Merli as Radames and Irene Minghini Cattaneo as Amneris made up a good cast. The choruses were spirited and of excellent ensemble. Altogether the Italian Opera season has begun very auspiciously.

W. J. TURNER.

"THE WILDERNESS OF DENALI."

(Continued from Page 1047.)

him immediately and bit severely; though he saw in the incident not the hand of retribution, but a fact valuable to natural history, since no other bear-skin in his experience had harboured fleas. On the contrary, after a similar exploit he reports: "I rested awhile, smoked my pipe, and enjoyed the exultation of success." When he wounded a bear and it got away, leaving on the snow a trail of blood, the character of which "showed that he had received a lung shot," he returned to his cabin and "suffered the disappointment and disgust that usually follow bad work and over-confidence." No pity wasted on the poor creature which had dragged itself away in pain to die. (He found it the next day, and put an end to its misery.) He is not at all concerned by the details of man-inflicted death: he tells us how his bullet "struck the dark moose low in the shoulder, tore through the upper part of the heart and opposite ribs, and lay under the skin well mushroomed but not at all shattered"; but when he came upon a lynx that had killed a sheep by biting out its eyes (the only way of attack open to it, the sheep being so much larger), he was "shocked."

However, had he been sentimental towards his victims instead of indifferent, the tone of the book would have been more disagreeable. "The Wilderness of Denali" will be of great interest to specialists in certain branches of natural history. Mr. Sheldon's observations established the fact, for example, that the bears of that region were a distinct species, "Ursus toklat." The general reader will not be so much interested in the contents of the bears' stomachs and the length in inches of their hinder feet as in the conditions of the huntsman's life, and in his responsiveness, sometimes awkwardly phrased but very genuine, to all the phenomena of natural beauty. The book's prime merit lies in being absolutely first-hand. Mr. Sheldon had no airs and graces; no axe to grind; no smallest temptation to see himself as a hero. Everything he writes has the ring of truth; indeed, he seems to have been inspired by an abstract passion for veracity. Even if he lacked a certain kind of sensibility, he possessed others just as valuable. And his courage, like that of the man in the "Hunting of the Snark," was perfect.—L. P. H.

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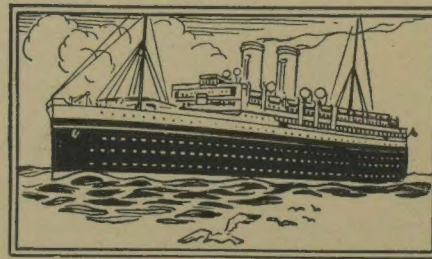


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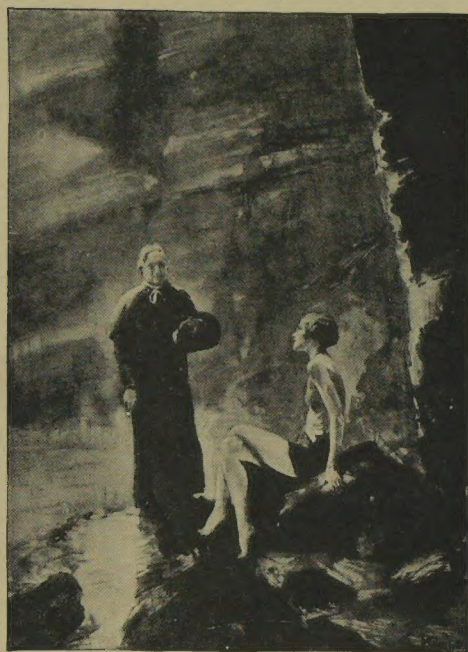
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In "THE PAGAN WOMAN" by Sir Philip Gibbs.

Opinions



Anything that hurts a boy must be good for him!
In "MAKING A MAN OF HIM" Beverley Nichols deplores the hardening process which is considered a necessitous part of every boy's training. Every mother and father should read this human article.

Fashions



Beach pyjamas! In "FASHIONS FOR JUNE" many nautical suggestions for beach wear are described in detail and illustrated in photogravure.

Down by the Sea take—

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Sir Edward
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"Let's have a cocktail."

Sir Edward: "'Morning, Angela. Well met!"

Lady Angela: "Sorry, can't stop, Ted. Going to Sandown, you see. Just off to the bank for some money."

Sir Edward: "Money! What on earth do you want it for at Sandown? I'm quite sure you don't owe any to the 'bookies.'"

Lady Angela: "Don't be foolish! Of course not; but I'm going to back my fancies on the 'Tote' to-day, and you know it's all cash."

Sir Edward: "Wonderful how some people walk around full of blissful ignorance. Haven't you read the papers lately?"

Lady Angela: "What about?"

Sir Edward: "Why, all about how 'Duggie' has virtually established a 'Tote' in every Post Office."

Lady Angela: "What exactly does that mean?"

Sir Edward: "Simply that you can use the Race-course Telegraph Office for wiring him your bets."

Lady Angela: "Seems good; but suppose I hear of a good thing the last minute or two?"

Sir Edward: "Makes no difference, you can telegraph right up to the 'off.'"

Lady Angela: "Splendid! In that case I'll not need to go to the bank."

Sir Edward: "No, let's go to the Berkeley and have a cocktail; far more interesting."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to
"Duggie" now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart
"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London